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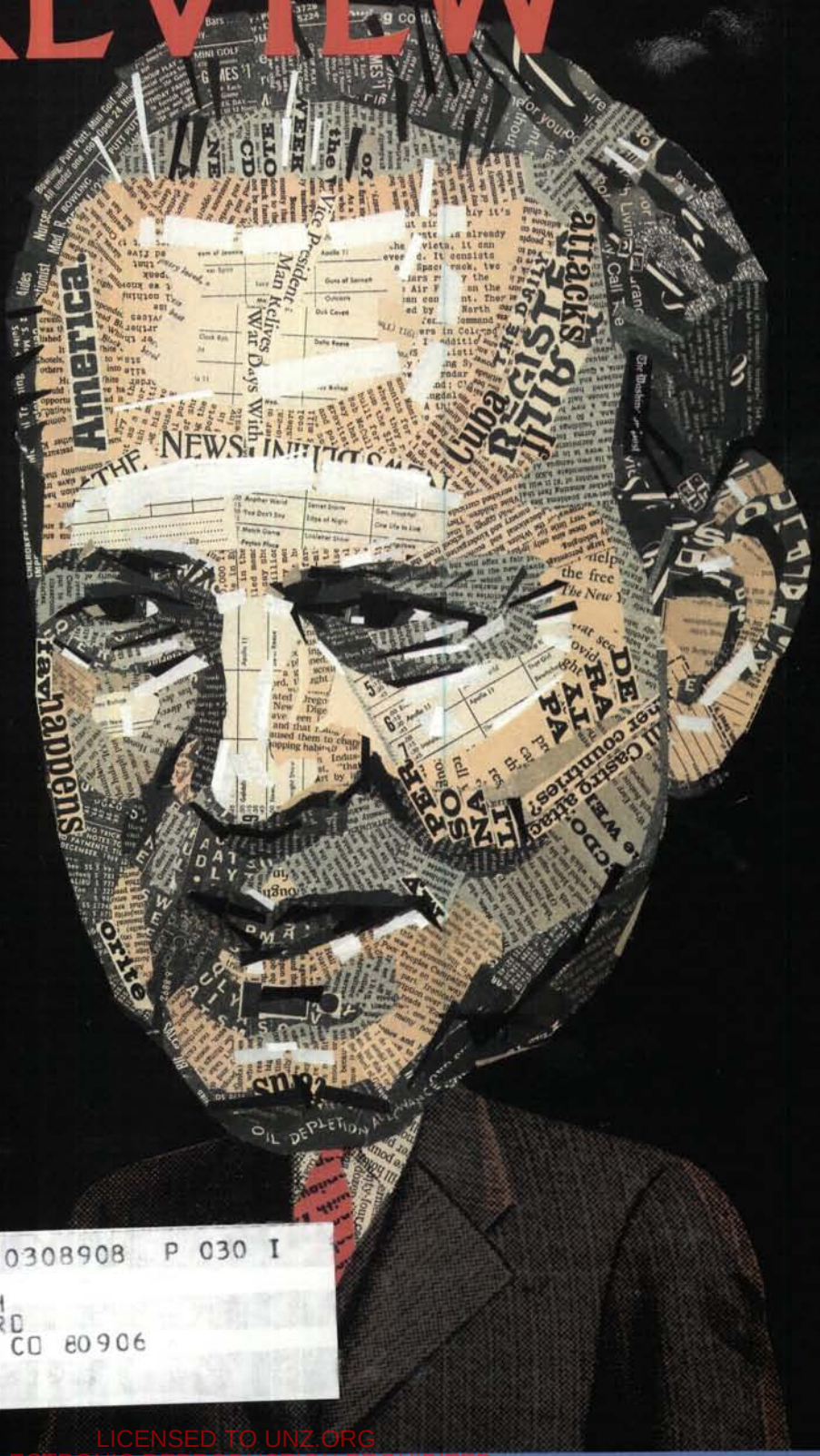

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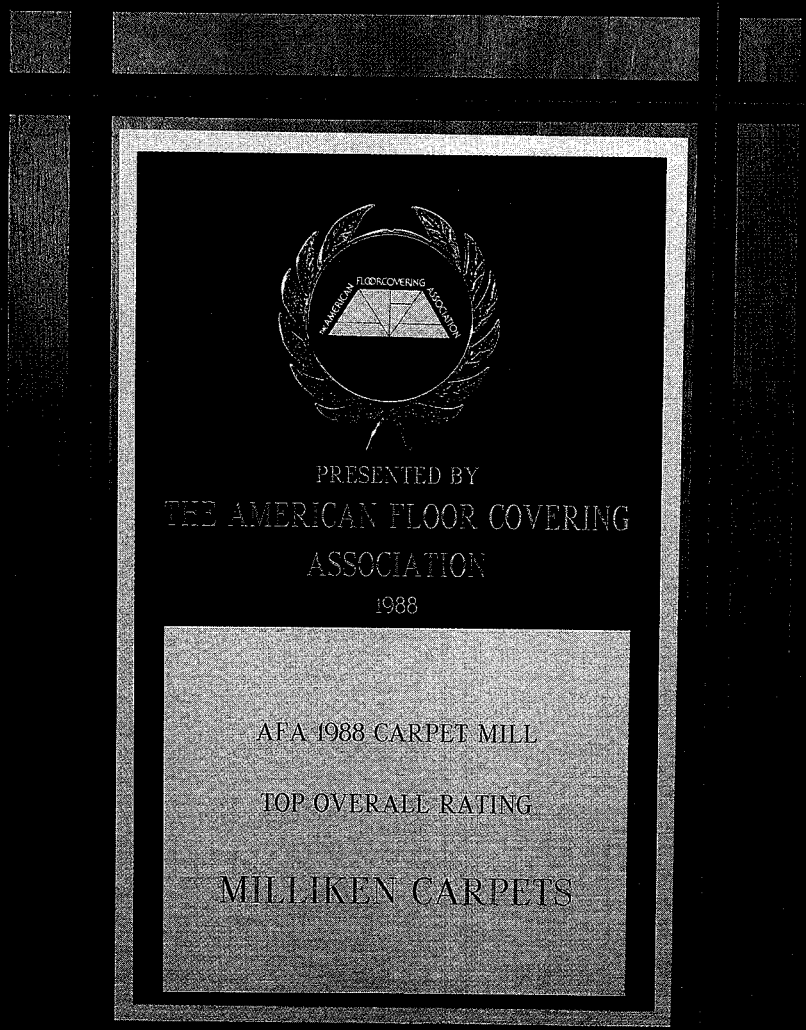

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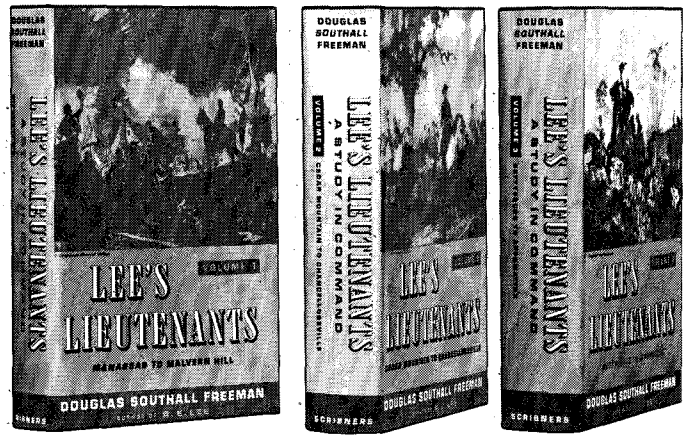

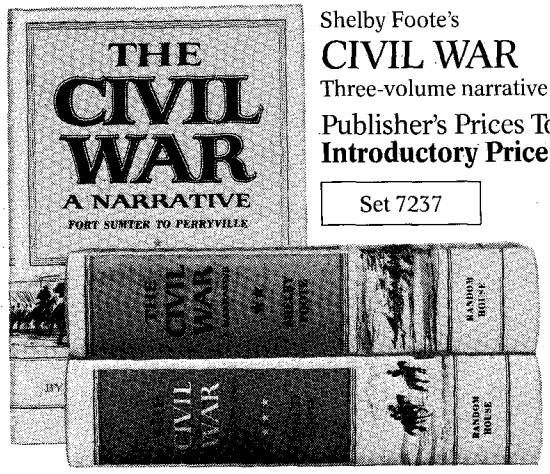

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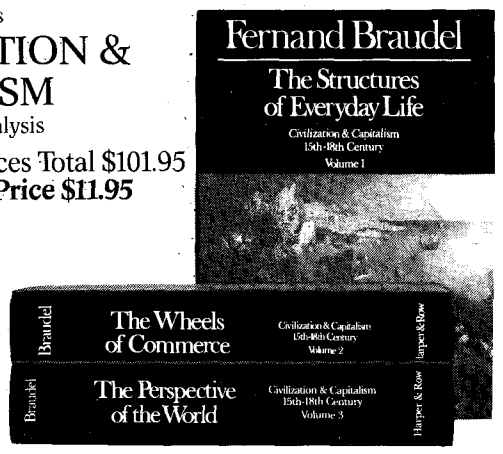

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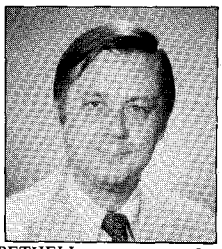
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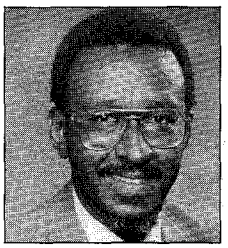
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46 **Joseph Sobran** has found a fellow Burkean in Yehoshafat Harkabi, the former head of Israeli military intelligence, who in *Israel's Fateful Hour* calls pragmatically for the velvet glove—while there's still time. . . . William W. Keller's intriguing *The Liberals and J. Edgar Hoover* doesn't quite persuade **Richard Gid Powers** that Hoover's FBI was everything the liberals said it was—or that they wanted it that way. . . . In *The Fatal Conceit*, F. A. Hayek argues that capitalism, which orders society more equitably than any central planning, must have evolved since no man could create it; **Tom Bethell** agrees—but points out that it was neither inevitable nor, fortunately, Darwinian. . . . **M. E. Bradford** has one or two small quibbles with the *Columbia Literary History of the United States*—such as its indulgence of incoherent radical literary theory. . . . E. L. Doctorow has just one problem in *Billy Bathgate*, says **Chilton Williamson Jr.**: he can't write worth a damn. . . . **John Simon** pronounces the rhythmically dynamic *Pelle the Conqueror* worth every award it's won.

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LETTERS

Put a Cork in It

I don't know what was in the wine at Michael I, but whatever it was the FDA ought to look into it ["How Reaganomics Made the World Work," by Robert Bartley, April 21]. Mr. Bartley's optimism about supply-side economics is growing out of control.

As editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, he can hardly have failed to notice the rampant and unrestrained activities exemplified by Ivan Boesky, Michael Milken, and the multitudes of lesser millionaires who appeared on the economic landscape when Reagan dropped tax rates and urged the stock market on to unlimited heights. But he manages to ignore his fellow New Yorkers forced to live on the street despite a full-time job.

Granted, Reaganomics caused unmitigated growth, but, since so many people were making so much money, they were able to buy goods at an ever-increasing rate, thereby driving rent, home sales, food prices, etc. beyond the reach of those on the lower end of the scale.

The ultimate goal of this supply-side phenomenon is for the upper-end growth to trickle down to the poor in the form of jobs and private investment. But so far the rich have pocketed the profits, bought apartments from Donald Trump, and driven off in their limos.

Frank Marshall
Chicago, Ill.

The Rewards of Hypocrisy

In the March 24 issue ["The Week"], we wrote: "In the light of the John Tower confirmation hearings, we hereby invite our readers to send us their favorite samples of senatorial sobriety, fidelity, and financial scrupulosity. Winners will receive the Edward Kennedy/Howard Metzenbaum Memorial Award for Outstanding Achievement." We offer here the winners. —ED.

Assuming, naïvely I am sure, that the "Borking" of Mr. Tower was motivated by the moral behavior he exhibits and stands for (supinely, more likely), we must encourage this venerable body to mete out equal attention to its own members. My favorite candidate to have his lifestyle scrutinized is the self-righteous philanderer of Chappaquiddick.

Henry G. Lustig
Vergennes, Vt.

This doesn't count as a sample of *senatorial* scrupulosity—but maybe it is worthy of an honorable mention: "What Rep. Charles Wilson (D., Tex.) apparently did for love surpasses most standards. According to the *New York Times*, he sneaked provisions into the spending bill to penalize the Defense Intelligence Agency for refusing to let his girlfriend—former Miss World USA Annelise Ilschenko—join him on a 1986 flight to the Afghanistan border." (*USA Today*, Jan. 5, 1988.)

Thomas D. Cáblk
San Diego, Calif.

Sam Nunn's relationship with Ed Wilson—the ex-CIA agent/arms dealer, who supplied Qaddafi with matériel, including plastic explosives, and who is now serving time in federal prison—was more than casual. See *The Merchants of Death*, by Larry White (Morrow, 1988).

I. Madden
Norman, Okla.

Since most of us Texans think that Senator Phil Gramm does a fine job, I suggest that you open up the contest to House members. With Jim Wright's name in the ring, the Lone Star State would demolish all competition.

Dave Crass
Dallas, Tex.

Who's on First?

Your report that Professor Robert Clark has been appointed dean of the Harvard Law School because "Law School Dean Paul Bator recently escaped to the University of Chicago" packs a number of errors into a short space ["The Week," April 7]. Paul Bator (who by sheer coincidence died recently) was never dean of the Law School. He was a professor there until 1983, when he took a leave of absence to become deputy solicitor general of the United States. He did go on to Chicago, but in 1985.

Professor Clark replaces Dean James Vorenberg, who retired from that position after serving in it since 1981, but will continue to teach at Harvard.

Brice M. Clagett
Washington, D.C.

Puzzled

I was at first puzzled that Claes Ryn ["The Democracy Boosters," March 24]

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included me among those whom he condemns as "democratists." I had always respected Mr. Ryn's work and thought we agreed on the critical difference between constitutional and majoritarian democracy. I was therefore relieved to learn that "democratists" are people who do not "repeatedly warn that American constitutional democracy cannot survive without the kind of moral, intellectual, and cultural underpinnings that made it possible in the first place." Since in the last twenty years I have issued that warning in half a dozen books, hundreds of articles, and speeches beyond numbering, I conclude that I do not fit Mr. Ryn's polemical caricature of a "democratist." I suspect that the others whom he indicts do not fit it much better.

Richard John Neuhaus
Director
The Center on Religion & Society
New York, N.Y.

Professor Claes Ryn makes too much of the praise received by democracy in the popular press. First, such praise makes good sense in that context, wherein the nuances of fine-tuned criticisms and reservations have no place. Second, what Michael Novak et al. are praising is a concern for the sovereignty of individual citizens (under the code word "democracy"), surely a praiseworthy matter for Christians and secular natural-law champions, all of whom would reject the notion that some men ought by nature to rule others.

As one among those who left a non-democratic system to live under a democratic one, let me fully endorse praising democracy first and lamenting its flaws later. The attempt to institute systems that guard against those flaws usually leads to societies far more flawed than democracy.

Tibor R. Machan
Professor of Philosophy
Auburn University
Auburn, Ala.

Professor Ryn Replies

It is irresponsible and shallow to suggest that in public debate it does not much matter if democracy is defined loosely or praised uncritically. Democracy, like human rights and justice, can mean vastly different things, some of them highly destructive of civilized life. The public is ill-served by writers who, instead of *exposing* ideological nostrums and conceit, actually foster or excuse them. In both foreign and domestic affairs the democratist fondness for virtuous schemes and meddling poses serious dangers. An earlier crusade for "human rights" inspired the French Revolution and plunged Europe into protracted war and upheaval.

Among the leading democratists are persons who are former radical ideologues. Their "second thoughts" have undoubtedly moved them in the direction of greater realism. But perhaps some writers for whom rather elementary discoveries are achievements of middle age are only slowly outgrowing their old mindset. It seems pertinent that the global democratic revolution is promoted with equal fervor by Michael Harrington, a committed socialist.

Sometimes democratists do write soberly, even admirably, about various subjects. Unfortunately, the utopian-radical virus of which democratism is but a symptom tends to infect also their better efforts.

Claes G. Ryn
Professor of Politics
The Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

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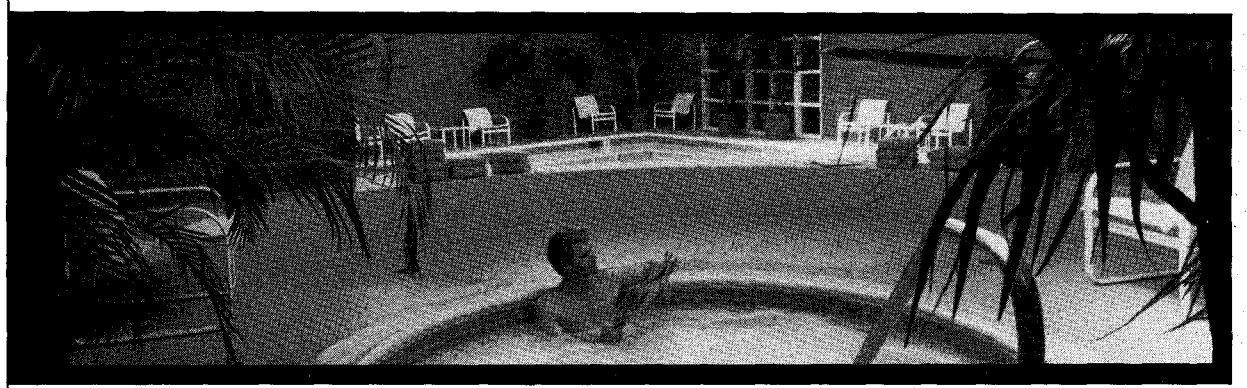

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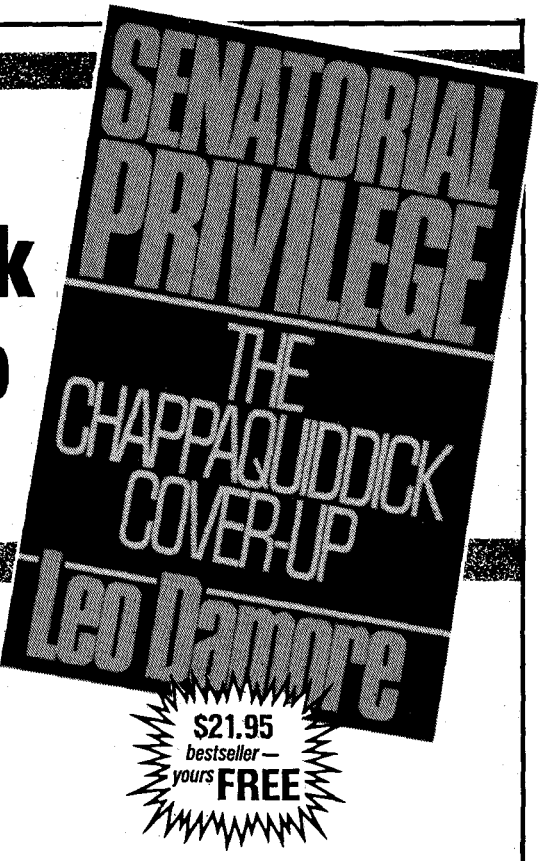
Despite a media brownout, this book fought its way onto the bestseller lists.



And when you read what it reveals about Teddy and Chappaquiddick, you'll see why.

Ray Kerrison explains it all in his *New York Post* column:

"The biggest surprise — and scandal — of the publishing season is the public's extraordinary demand for a book exposing Sen. Edward Kennedy's fatal escapade at Chappaquiddick, despite a review blackout by the nation's media giants.

This book is titled *Senatorial Privilege: The Chappaquiddick Cover-Up* (Regnery Gateway, $21.95). Written by Leo Damore, it made the *New York Times* non-fiction best-seller list yesterday for the eighth straight week.

Yet the . . . *Washington Post, Los Angeles Times, Boston Globe, Time* and *Newsweek* have all boycotted it.

The media blackout is all the more suspicious because Damore's account is a meticulous examination of what happened at the bridge and the aftermath. It was written with the cooperation of Joseph Gargan, a Kennedy cousin, who was involved in the nightmare. . . .

Damore's book leaves no doubt that: a) Kennedy left the party for a romantic interlude; b) he was drunk; c) he drove off the bridge at considerable speed; and d) his license had expired five months earlier.

It discloses how Ted Sorenson, President John F. Kennedy's speechwriter, drafted Sen. Kennedy's fictitious explanation of the tragedy for a national TV audience."

People Magazine shares the enthusiasm:

"An achievement of reportorial diligence, this book tells a story that the most imaginative crime novelist would have been hard put to invent. It is a tale of death, intrigue, obstruction of justice, corruption and politics. It is also one view of why Sen. Edward M. Kennedy was never indicted in connection with Mary Jo Kopechne's death . . . readers will find it hard to put down."

Adds the **Wall Street Journal**:

"Absorbing and definitive account . . . Damore . . . is a disciplined and relentless writer who makes his case more devastating because he never steps back and editorializes. Each falsehood, blunder and evasion is in tight focus. . ."

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FOR THE RECORD

Anti-abortion march in Washington was high-water mark of resurgent leftists, spring '89. **Gloria Steinem** told the crowd: "We were organized well enough to keep **Reagan** from being as lousy as he could have been, but our rights are in danger now." . . . **Morgan Fairchild** confessed: "I never got off my rear until Reagan was elected." . . . Onetime pro-lifer **Jesse Jackson** marched arm-in-arm with Hollywood's **Cybill Shepherd**. Back in 1982, before he got bit, Jackson wrote in *Our Sunday Visitor*: "[Abortion symbolizes] a definite drift to Sodom and Gomorrah in our culture." . . . After all the Hollywood hype, commented **Anne Taylor Fleming** in a *New York Times* wrap-up story, "the march itself seemed a strange sort of letdown . . . devoid of those old Sixties shivers, the tension and the passion"—in part, she concluded, because the official pro-choice language does not resonate. . . . Pro-abortion movements are proliferating on the Coast. Among them: the Bay Area Coalition against Operation Rescue, Pasadena's Socially Conscious Singles, and San Francisco's Men Who Care about Women's Lives. . . . Washington march followed in short order orchestrated anti-Salvador agitations coast-to-coast tied to the elections won by right-wing ARENA. In Washington, **William Sloane Coffin** of SANE/Freeze and **Angela Sombranno** of CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) were among those arrested for blocking entrance of State Department. . . . On the Coast, sponsors of various demonstrations included the Communist Party, the Oakland-Berkeley Rainbow Coalition, and (our favorite) the **Harvey Milk** Gay Democratic Club. . . . Both of Maryland's Democratic senators, **Barbara Mikulski** and **Paul Sarbanes**, embarrassedly backed off as sponsors of a banquet to honor former Democratic Congressman **Parren Mitchell** (who also backed off) when it was disclosed beneficiary of dinner would be *People's Daily World*, the organ of the CPUSA. . . . Coca-Cola has become a no-no in Connecticut River valley. **Mount Holyoke** students have voted 2 to 1 to ban Coke from campus until Coca-Cola severs all ties with South Africa. Can **Smith** and **Amherst** be far behind?

Scully, *Punch* / Rothco

"It's a reminder—it seems I've forgotten to render unto Caesar."

Battle lines are shaping up on U.S. sale of high-tech items to USSR. **Evans & Novak** see confrontation over issue between **James Baker** at State (pro trade) and **Dick Cheney** at Defense. . . . Sen. **Bill Bradley** (N.J.), possible Democratic presidential candidate in 1992, opposes what he calls "romantic capitalism." Why do bankers favor lending billions to the Soviets? he asked one banker, and was told "Senator, you give bankers too great a credit for being smarter than they are. It's fashionable now." Commented Bradley: "I would argue that we should be rational capitalists, not romantic capitalists." . . . Not only should we not advance credits to Soviets, says hard-nosed Rep. **Don Ritter** (R., Pa.), but we—and the world community—should demand Soviet reparations to compensate **Afghanistan** for war ravages of the last nine years. . . . **Sudan**, incidentally, has become third country to recognize interim government of Afghanistan, along with **Saudi Arabia** and **Bahrain**. . . . **Castro**'s dilemma: One Western diplomat in Havana points out it is harder for Castro to call for liberalization than for **Gorbachev** to do so. Gorbachev can blame Russia's troubles on **Stalin**, **Khrushchev**, **Brezhnev**, **Andropov**. "How do you repudiate the past," the diplomat asks, "when the leader of the past is the leader of the present?" . . . *Christian Science Monitor* columnist **John Hughes**, a shrewd foreign-policy analyst, thinks that in pushing for *glasnost* and *perestroika* in his speech at National Assembly in Havana, Gorbachev was appealing over Castro's head to Cuban cadres in their twenties, thirties, and forties, ninety thousand of whom were educated in USSR.

Peter Grace, head of Reagan's commission on waste in government, says the Savings & Loan bailout could have been avoided had the commission's recommendations been followed. The commission found that the premiums paid to the FDIC and FSLIC "did not adequately reflect the degree of risk associated with the institutions insured" and did not "provide incentives for the institutions to avoid high-risk or speculative lending." . . . Committee to Secure High Frontier—faced with new challenges to SDI—urges pro-SDIers to contact headquarters (2800 Shirlington Road, Suite 405A, Arlington, Va. 22206) for name of High Frontier chairman in any given congressional district. . . . Next session of National Journalism Center in Washington starts June 12 (application deadline: May 19); it includes 12 weeks of training and journalistic experience. For info contact: **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline**, 800 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Best of *MediaWatch*'s April Fool issue is this takeoff of anchor **Garrick Utley** on *NBC Nightly News*: "First Lady **Barbara Bush**'s dog **Millie** had a litter of puppies today. The puppies were already spoken for by the Bush grandchildren and will have warm, loving homes, unlike the millions of Americans left homeless by Reagan-era budget cuts."

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THE WEEK

☐ In case you missed it, March 20 was National Agriculture Day, by a resolution of Congress sent to President Bush on March 22.

☐ This just in. A huge study finds that 62.5 per cent of former prison inmates will be rearrested within three years, usually for more of the same kind of crime—decisive proof that the predominant cause of crime is letting them out. This sheds little light on Congress, where the main problem appears to be letting them in.

☐ Even by Washington standards of character assassination by press leak, *Newsweek*'s hatchet job on White House Legal Counsel C. Boyden Gray is viciousness of a high order. Various anonymous officials are wheeled out by *Newsweek* reporters to portray Gray as "a kind of effete eccentric," a "political amateur," and a "one-man arson ring in the Bush Administration, pouring gasoline . . . on virtually every matter" instead of "occupy[ing] his normally low-profile post in quiet, obedient [to whom?] obscurity"—a post "with no substantive duties." After his dissent on the Contra-aid compromise, "officials who had questioned his smarts began to wonder about his sanity." " 'We knew Gray had lousy political instincts,' said one senior White House official, 'but this told us he doesn't even have decent survival instincts.' " *Newsweek* hints that Secretary of State James Baker may have had something to do with the story, but offers little proof. But even if Baker is not himself responsible—and the evidence suggests a less savvy operator—his technique (see "Jim Baker: Ministering to the Media," by Tom Bethell, page 24) is clearly employed here: the politician supplies the dagger, the press stabs the right back.

☐ So the Education President has come out *against* tuition tax credits for parents who send their children to private and parochial schools. His rationale was standard liberalese: that "everyone" should support the public schools. He meant, of course, that every taxpayer should be forced to finance institutions that are nowadays run in the interest of the teachers' unions. To borrow a line of Lenin's, that is supporting the public schools the way a rope supports a hanged man.

☐ Polish Communists last week conceded what they had for years vowed never to allow: the re-legalization of Solidarity. Indeed, if carried through, the deal agreed upon in Warsaw is much more radical than anything Solidarity ever demanded. The agreement promised the opposition access to the mass media and participation in the elections in June, in which 35 per cent of the lower chamber and all the upper chamber are to be freely chosen. This is a big step on the Polish road away from socialism. The prospects for the resurgence of civil society and a market economy are much better in Poland or Hungary than in the Soviet Union. While the Soviet Union's attention is elsewhere, Eastern Europe's emancipation is progressing apace, and it is in our strategic interest that it should become irreversible. After beating the Polish regime with a stick in the form of sanctions after the imposition of martial law, this is the time to dangle a carrot. If we choose to grant financial assistance, however, we must channel it exclusively to individual enterprises and cooperatives lest our money be wasted on the resuscitation of the very Communist structures that are responsible for Poland's current plight.

☐ Question: Was the Soviet pullout from Afghanistan an indication of a major change of direction in Soviet foreign policy, or simply the acknowledgment that Afghanistan had become a no-win situation? Question: If Gorbachev's Soviet Union has abandoned world revolution as a goal, why does it continue to ship military hardware to Nicaragua now that the Contras have been emasculated? Question: What in blazes is Mikhail Gorbachev up to when he bestows on Muammar el-Qaddafi high-tech Su-24 bombers—and a bomber-refueling capability—that pose a threat not only to Israel but to Western Europe? Until these and other questions are answered satisfactorily we should approach Gorbachev's peace initiatives with caution, in Bull Halsey fashion. Admiral Halsey informed his fleet, then on patrol off the coast of Japan, of Japan's surrender, but added that should any Japanese planes come within range they should "shoot them down in friendly fashion."

☐ THE RAJ WATCH. No, not the Raj of Merchant and Ivory, which went a long time ago, but the Raj of Mikhail and Raisa, which crumbles even as we write.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OH, THE FRUSTRATIONS of being a House Republican. Since 1930, the GOP has controlled the House for just six years; the last time was when it held a slim, 221 to 213 majority during the first two years of Eisenhower's Presidency. An old hand like Bob Michel, the House Minority Leader, can grouse that he's probably the only party leader in the history of Congress who doesn't know what it's like to chair a committee.

House Republicans have been the Rodney Dangerfields of American politics—they get no respect, not only from Democrats but even from other Republicans. House Republicans still smart at the memory of 1985, when the Reagan White House treated them like poor cousins, carving out a deficit-trimming budget agreement with Senate Republicans without consulting the lower chamber. Things have gotten better under George Bush, himself a former House Republican, but still . . .

The worst of it is that Republican second-fiddledom has become self-perpetuating. For example, despairing of ever sitting in the Speaker's chair, senior Republicans have been trading in their House posts for more promising positions elsewhere. In the past two years, three men who were at various times Michel's heir presumptive have left to take or search for better jobs: Jack Kemp went off to run for President; Trent Lott defected to the Senate; Dick Cheney was tapped for Secretary of Defense.

Perhaps, if prospects for a Republican majority were better, some of these folks might have stuck around. Perhaps not. But the fact that the Republican congressional cadre has done so badly at the polls can't have encouraged people like Cheney, Kemp, and Lott to stay. And can't encourage the most qualified Republican candidates to compete to take their place.

Republicans generally blame the apportionment of congressional districts by Democrat-dominated state legislatures for their failure to win House elections. To buttress their complaint, they point to the fact that they hold only 40 per cent of the seats in the House, though they receive about 47 per cent of the votes cast nationally for House candidates.

Consider a region where Republicans ought to have a good chance. Over the past few years, Republicans have lost two-thirds of the Southern House seats that opened up, leaving them with a 76 to 40 deficit in a region that has held the key to recent presidential victories. Last year, for example, Republicans lost the seat Republican Beau Boulter abandoned when he challenged Lloyd Bentsen for the Senate. They failed to regain the formerly Republican seat held by Democrat Wayne Dowdy, who unsuccessfully competed against Trent Lott for Mississippi's open Senate seat. The trend continued earlier this month, when Glen Browder, a Democrat, defeated John Rice, a recent Republican convert, in a contest for a seat in rural Alabama vacated by the death of Democratic Representative Bill Nichols.

Now the Republicans fear that this trend could extend to other conservative strongholds in the country. GOP strategists had been trying to lower expectations before the Alabama race. But this month's debacle in Indiana, in which a Democrat unexpectedly snared the House seat once held by Dan Quayle, sent quivers through Republican ranks.

Indeed, Democrats are looking to win a trifecta of sorts later this month in Wyoming, where Democrat John Vinich, the narrow loser of a Senate race in November, is the early favorite to win the Senate seat vacated by Cheney. Democrats have been struggling to raise the $106,000 that federal campaign laws permit them to spend on the April 26 Wyoming contest—as usual, Republicans are comfortably ahead in soliciting funds for their candidate, State Representative Craig Thomas. But, as in the Alabama and Indiana races, the Democrat is the better-known candidate.

So the big challenge before the Republican Congressional Committee's new super-strategist, Ed Rollins, is to convince talented, qualified conservatives that there actually is a reason to be a House Republican. The plan is to get qualified candidates to run in 1990, figuring that even if they lose, they will have gained name recognition, thus positioning themselves for serious bids to represent newly redrawn districts in 1992. His success in doing so may determine whether House Republicans will climb up from their minority status in this—or indeed the next—century.

—CATO

Six weeks ago, it was one Edgar Savisaar, speaking at the raising of the old blue, black, and white Estonian flag in Tallinn. "Our flag," he said, "is unusual in that there is a color missing from it—the color of blood and vengeance." Mr. Savisaar, you understand, is a Communist, and a deputy in the Estonian Supreme Soviet. This week, it's demonstrations in Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia. Tanks rolled in, 19 have been reported dead. Mikhail must be wondering how long the pukka sahibs can stay east of Suez.

☐ Readers may have noted that the reviews *NR* gave this year's Pulitzer Prize winners were as unenthusiastic as any we have given in the past 12 months: In the nonfiction category, *A Bright Shining Lie*, by Neil Sheehan: ". . . technically, intellectually, and morally incompetent. Its uncritical reception is a devastating condemnation of the American intelligentsia" (Peter Brimelow, March 10). In the fiction category, *Breathing Lessons*, by Anne Tyler: "Why Anne Tyler thought she could pull off a novel like *Breathing Lessons* . . . is hard to say. The reader is left wondering what kind of contractual obligation the talented Miss Tyler had that convinced her to dig this one out of her manuscript drawer" (David Klinghoffer, Dec. 30). Accordingly, of E. L. Doctorow, whose acclaimed novel *Billy Bathgate* is reviewed in this issue by Chilton Williamson Jr. ("shamelessly commercial . . . tediously pretentious . . . ineffably vulgar . . . insufferably boring") and will be eligible for next year's prize, we offer this prediction: His time has come.

☐ When the English Conservative writer T. E. (Peter) Utley died last year, his friends established a memorial

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fund to continue his encouragement of young political writers. Margaret Thatcher agreed to be its patron, and two of Mr. Utley's employers, Rupert Murdoch and Conrad Black, who opened the fund with generous contributions, are its trustees. The fund has now offered a prize of £5,000 (approximately $8,500) for the "most promising young political writer of the year," open to writers under 35 years old who have published work in any English-language medium. The judges will look for originality of political thought of any color. And the winner will deliver a public lecture on a topic of his choice in England in the fall. Those wishing to apply should write to The Secretary, T. E. Utley Memorial Fund, 60 St. Mary's Mansions, St. Mary's Terrace, London W2 1SX, no later than April 27, enclosing a sample of their work, of not more than 1,500 words, which has appeared in the last 12 months (four copies), evidence of their date of birth, and the working title of their proposed lecture.

☐ Ah, *glasnost*! The Soviets have now released a new film with *sex* in it, *Little Vera*, starring Natalya Negoda, who is concurrently featured in this month's *Playboy*. The good news is that they're abandoning Communism. The bad news is that they're getting more like us.

☐ In case you missed it, those first-ever but minor elections in the homeland of scientific socialism used paper ballots.

☐ Pepsi has pulled its new TV commercial with Madonna because of the controversy over the tramp queen's new video, "Like a Prayer," wherein she does her usual number with lots of crucifixes in her black lingerie, plus she acquired the stigmata of Christ and stuff. Like, *bold*. We dare her to do one naked with an ayatollah.

The First March

SOMETHING, from the pro-abortion standpoint, had to be done. The judicial consensus in favor of *Roe* v. *Wade* has looked shaky ever since the confirmation of Justice Kennedy. Meanwhile, there has been a spreading acknowledgment of the fact that while large majorities of Americans favor abortion in hard cases—rape, incest, threat to the physical health of the mother—equally large majorities oppose it for reasons of emotional or financial strain, or birth control: oppose it, that is, in exactly those circumstances under which most of the abortions in this country occur. ("Most in U.S. Favor Ban on Majority of Abortions, Poll Finds," was how the *Boston Globe* recently headlined it.)

What was done was the pro-abortion march on Washington, a public-relations and organizing coup of the first order. It is fair to point out the front-page buildups and other forms of free advertising that the media provided, which money could not have bought and which have never been extended to the anti-abortion marchers who have been coming to Washington every year for 15 years. It is also fair to note the nothing-between-the-ears-but-perms gushiness of the stars and starlets who turned out for the show, though no snickers could be meaner than the *Washington Post* Style section, which played the glamor straight: "Marlo Thomas and Phil Donahue were caught by blinding bluish TV lights. . . . When the lights were pointed at Morgan Fairchild, she became a glowing cloud of hair. . . . Judy Collins, spotlighted on stage, sang 'Amazing Grace' *a capella* with her eyes closed . . . [Susan] Sarandon—eight months pregnant—came out with boyfriend Tim Robbins, her co-star in *Bull Durham*. Sarandon read aloud from Justice Harry Blackmun's 1973 Supreme Court opinion, and Robbins spoke passionately about abortion rights." The fact remains that the numbers—some 300,000, nearly a record—made an impressive spectacle.

The march was timed to occur just weeks before the Supreme Court decides *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*, a case that could clip *Roe*. Anti-abortion forces in the House also expect a quick strike on the Hyde amendment, to capitalize on march mania. It should go without saying that the Court should be guided by its notions of the law, not by mobs in the street. Congressmen are legitimate objects of public pressure, though they might note that all the folks who showed up for a weekend march seemed to have been strangely homebound when they last had a chance to march to the polls. Just six months ago, a pro-choice candidate and a pro-life candidate were running for President. The latter is in the White House. The former was sent back to Boston to hector people about seatbelts.

What interests pundits is the political landscape that will emerge if the Court should strike down *Roe*, or modify it heavily, whereupon the national fight over abortion will be replaced by fifty state fights. Some,

The Kennedy Legacy

When I'm wired to a wheelchair
  And Madonna wears a bun,
We shall still be stuck with Castro
  On that island in the sun,
While El Salvador slips further
  As the Nicaraguans ship
Cuban bundles labeled "Moscow,"
  Like a faucet with a drip.

W. H. VON DREELE

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including some conservatives—William Safire, George Will—fear major liberal-Democratic gains. Safire's solution—which, to grant him the puny virtue of consistency, is one he supports on principle—is to roll up his sleeves and pull for *Roe*. Will is simply fearful. Considering the grassroots organizing ability of the anti-abortion movement, this looks to be a gross misreading of the situation.

One interesting element of the struggle to come may be the class angle. "Women who get abortions," the *Los Angeles Times* noted after a poll earlier this spring, "tend not to be members of the underclass, as they often are portrayed. Compared to the average, they are better educated and have higher incomes." Forty-eight per cent of blacks, according to the *Globe* poll, believe abortion should be legal under no circumstances, as opposed to 19 per cent of the general population. Women of the middle class, unite. If their fundraising is as competent as their PR, the pro-abortionists can probably count on a lot of cash support, at least in the short run.

The opponents of abortion on demand have been marching for years now, without media cheerleading, with scarcely any media notice. Their legal arguments have routed those of their opponents. Their moral case has been made stubbornly and faithfully. There are plans afoot to stage another anti-abortion march, perhaps in June, led by Mother Teresa. It would be satisfying to show the Safires and the starlets of this world what a real crowd looks like.

Brady Bailout II

SINCE GOVERNMENT guarantees for the Texas S&Ls proved to be such a great idea, why not use the same proven technique on loans we already *know* are worthless—namely, the tottering old loans to Latin America? Indeed, why not have government agencies guarantee *all* dubious loans, both for established deadbeats and for those who aspire to that title?

A particularly sour case of editorialist's irony? Unfortunately, no. The latest Brady Plan aims to bribe banks to "forgive" about a fifth of what favored developing countries owe. In exchange, the bankers would receive World Bank and International Monetary Fund (IMF) guarantees of some remaining bad debt. Since the IMF and World Bank are bankrolled by governments, particularly the U.S. Government, any future defaults would surely come back to haunt future taxpayers. This is really a hidden form of national debt —no different from an outright subsidy to banks that make bad loans, or foreign aid to governments that make sure such loans turn bad.

Fortunately, the whole idea quickly ran into obvious objections from those who never had any intention of underwriting those loans. "It is not our job to provide guarantees," sniffed Michel Camdessus, managing director of the IMF. It might have been more diplomatic to have first cleared this "guarantee" through the U.S. director to the IMF, except that the Treasury had not yet bothered to appoint anyone to that position, among others.

It must be remembered that the developing countries did not just borrow money—they borrowed real goods, including tractors and computers, in exchange for IOUs. To "forgive" the IOUs would be to make those goods a gift. Nearly half of the loans to even the "middle-income" developing countries came from the U.S. and other governments, or from their international agencies, such as the IMF and World Bank. But the Brady Treasury is definitely not talking about "forgiving" such *government* loans, but is instead twisting arms to obtain a charitable contribution by bank stockholders. Executives of American Express, who lobbied hard for this idea, would not be equally enthusiastic about comparable "debt relief" for credit-card holders.

The real issue with Third World debt is how to improve prospects for future production in Latin America and Africa, so that past debts become a claim on a promising future, rather than just another claim on a U.S. Government insurance scheme. Whatever the form of help to developing countries—debt relief, aid, or loans—the unavoidable question is which policy reforms *deserve* U.S. support? Several countries, such as Bolivia and Jamaica, have stopped inflation and started growth with the help of lower tax rates and a stable currency, but such success apparently puts them at the very bottom of the list for "debt relief." If the U.S. Treasury insists on rewarding failure and punishing success, failure is what it will get.

Predators' Fall

WHAT MICHAEL MILKEN, the high-yield bond wizard, may be guilty of, or whether he is guilty of anything at all, is now in the hands of the law—though considering the whimsicality of securities regulations, the word "law" is surely too dignified. Milken is unquestionably guilty of breaking one law, however, which, though it is on no statute book, is rig-

Wanted: A World View

The Persians had one, which left Greeks
Up various Hellenic creeks,
While Rome and Britain had the best;
But whether, inside Bush's vest
Or maybe Baker's shirt, a view
Lies hidden, I don't have a clue.

W. H. VON DREELE

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orously enforced: the social law that outsiders must know their place.

For years, the Drexel High Yield Bond Conference, a/k/a the Predators' Ball—an annual conference, half sales pitch, half revival meeting, over which Milken used to preside—has been a favorite set-piece of business journalists. The keynote of all descriptions was its outlandishness. It was held at the Hilton in Beverly Hills, not on the East Coast. Meetings began at 6:00 A.M., in deference to Milken, who rises at 4:30. The entertainment at one conference included a video of Madonna, decked out in trashy jewelry and little else, slinking around and singing "I'm a Double B Girl in a High Yield World—Drexel, Drexel, Drexel."

Then there were the people. Milken grew up in the Valley, as in Valley girls, and lives there still. He is Jewish, as were many of his partners and peers. (Indeed, about the only sympathy he has gotten is from those who see his prosecution as an instance of anti-Semitism.) But there were non-Jews too: Carl Lindner, a Baptist supermarket-chain owner from Cincinnati; Rupert Murdoch, the Australian press mogul.

This was not a white-shoe crowd. It was not even wannabe white-shoe. Pete Peterson, the Greek diner-owner's son from Kearney, Nebraska, might aspire to be chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations. Milken & Co. didn't want status credentialing. They wanted money. They saw their opportunity in an economic area—high-risk bonds—that the establishment had not exploited, and they took it.

The establishment, in this case, most definitely includes the press, which fancies itself as a band of renegades, but which, in fact, craves status as desperately as the worst Thackeray toady (all that talk about the fourth branch of government). It's no surprise that the establishment resented the predators' rise, and now gloats over their fall; no surprise that the attorney who led some of them out of their offices in handcuffs is now the establishment's candidate to be mayor of New York. No surprise, perhaps, but a source of real misgivings.

Say It Ain't So, George

As we go to press, there appears to be a serious danger that the Bush Administration will abandon the capital-gains tax cut.

In his debates with Michael Dukakis last fall, Mr. Bush repeatedly argued that such a tax cut would actually *increase* revenue. The Treasury Department estimates that this gain would be $4.8 billion; some outside estimates put it much higher.

Now the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page warns that Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski is insisting, as the price of an agreement on a budget package, that Mr. Bush stipulate that a capital-gains tax cut would not enhance revenue at all. This would leave Mr. Bush politically naked, pushing for a "rich man's tax cut." And since the Bush budget includes the $4.8 billion in its proposed $14 billion in revenue increases, such an assurance would also mean that the same sum would have to be raised in other ways—i.e., new taxes.

At present, the Bush negotiators seem to be going along with Rostenkowski, risking a repudiation of the President's unequivocal pledge not to raise taxes. We hope we're crying wolf. But Mr. Rostenkowski has a singularly wolfish grin.

Agenda for Baker-Shevardnadze

Pressures mount on the Bush Administration to bring forth its heralded "strategic reassessment" of United States foreign policy. Western Europe is restive, waiting for a U.S. response to Mr. Gorbachev's recent maneuverings—announced cutbacks in the Soviet military, promised shutdowns of plutonium plants, re-legalization of Solidarity in Poland, burgeoning economic and political freedoms in Hungary. George Kennan doesn't want the United States to let Mr. Gorbachev down, nor does Senator Claiborne Pell.

The Bush team refuses to be rushed. The strategic reassessment continues, under wraps. But, as we move toward the Moscow ministerial talks between James Baker and Eduard Shevardnadze, there are certain issues that the State Department should include in Mr. Baker's agenda. For example:

—We want Soviet military aid and other support to subversive elements in our hemisphere ended. If Moscow does not stop supplying Managua with $500 million per year in weaponry, for example, the United States will begin working to declare Nicaragua in default on its international debt. Ditto Cuba. Such an action would have a devastating effect on these outposts of the bankrupt Soviet empire, and the Kremlin knows it.

—The United States will be bringing its diplomatic, economic, and financial leverage to bear on the Western Allies to impose real discipline on the latter's capital and technology transactions with the Eastern bloc. Our objective is to precipitate genuine *perestroika*. Stemming the present flood of untied Western loans and advanced know-how to the East would force the diversion of Soviet resources from the military to the civilian sector.

—We will deploy working strategic defenses as our SDI research pays off. The United States sees no reason why ballistic-missile defenses should be subject to arms-control limitations. That said, we are prepared to discuss new constraints on *offensive* arms—provided the Soviets agree to eliminate unverifiable systems that lend themselves to a first strike, i.e., mobile SS-24 and SS-25 intercontinental ballistic missiles.

The reaction to such a program would help estab-

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lish whether or not Ronald Reagan's détente with the Soviet Union was a false spring. It would also protect U.S. security interests better than our present relentless search for common ground on Soviet terms.

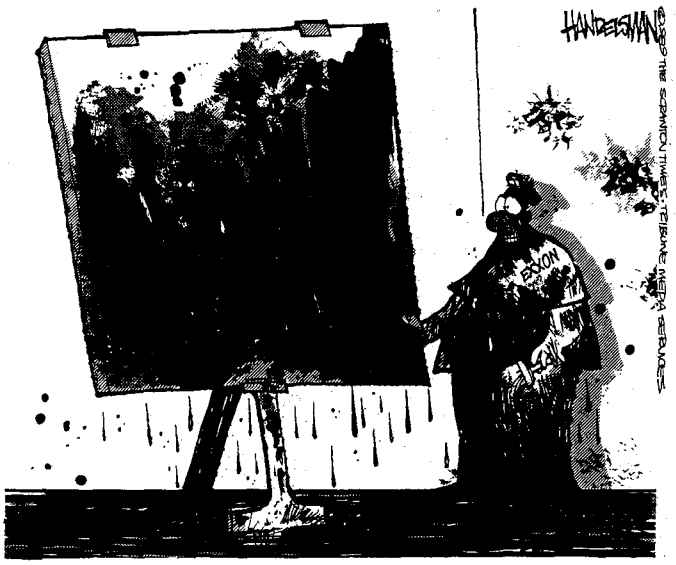
The Namibia Sting

THE EVENTS of the last few weeks could not have gone better for South Africa had they been planned as an elaborate sting operation by South African intelligence. In a matter of days SWAPO (the South West Africa People's Organization) has been exposed as an old-fashioned Communist Party prepared to break international commitments the moment its own interests intercede, whereas South Africa is now acting on behalf of the United Nations and is seen as a determined peacemaker, even in the face of SWAPO's apparent ill-will.

Namibia, a former German colony, was placed under South African administration by the League of Nations in 1920, in the wake of the German defeat in Europe. The mandate was revoked by the United Nations in 1966, at which point a vicious little bush war began. The recent clashes might therefore be seen as the last battle of the First World War.

What seems to have happened is that during his tour of SWAPO's bases in southern Angola in March, Sam Nujoma, SWAPO's president, gave the order for guerrillas to cross the border and establish bases in northern Namibia, in clear contravention of the agreements, which stipulate that SWAPO fighters should only start coming in May, and then *as civilians*. Mr. Nujoma, whom one Western diplomat has described as a "dim Stalinist," compounded his error by initially refusing safe passage for SWAPO guerrillas back north. This strategy amounted to attempted political and military suicide.

Militarily, the casualty figures speak for themselves.



"...IT'S "SPRINGTIME in ALASKA"—DONE IN OILS!.."

Despite being spread thinly in a vast country, South African forces have inflicted many more fatalities than they have suffered—about two hundred to thirty so far.

Politically, SWAPO seems to be saying that free elections, which the organization has been widely expected to win, do not satisfy its appetite. If SWAPO failed to win a two-thirds majority, it would have to seek political allies in framing Namibia's constitution, and this may be why its leadership decided to address the question on the ground instead. Were this proven —we must wait for a detailed UN report—then it would be high time for the United Nations to strip SWAPO of its status as the "sole legitimate representative of the Namibian people." Mrs. Thatcher has recently acclaimed the accords on Angola and Namibia as a possible "gateway to peace" in southern Africa. If SWAPO sees them as a gateway to revolution at home and subversion abroad, international bodies have no business in abetting it.

If reason prevails and the countdown to Namibian independence continues, the skirmish may yet prove beneficial. Like other triumphant revolutionaries and guerrillas before them, the men of SWAPO no doubt regard themselves as history's chosen instrument for liberating the whole region, not only their own country. Such messianic ideas die hard, but die they must if South Africans are to be persuaded that peace is possible, not only with neighboring states, but with the black majority within.

Squaring the Circle

LAST WEEK'S Middle East fandango in Washington would not seem to have advanced the cause of peace one whit. Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak arrived in D.C. first, and instantly announced his rejection of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's proposals for limited self-rule on the West Bank. Mubarak also refused to meet with Shamir, who was scheduled to arrive in Washington the next day. (This was not too surprising. After all, since Camp David, it has taken Egypt ten years to get back in the good graces of even the more moderate of its Arab brothers.)

Mubarak was quick to endorse George Bush's proposal for an international conference on the Middle East, which Shamir has rejected out of hand. (Israel will not meet with the PLO.) And Mubarak was pleased—as indeed he should have been—at President Bush's call for an end to Israeli occupation of the Arab lands conquered in the 1973 war. In stating that position as bluntly as they have, Bush & Baker have moved considerably further than Reagan & Shultz toward accommodation with the Arabs.

"A new atmosphere must be created where Israelis and Arabs feel each other's willingness to compromise so that both sides can win," said Mr. Bush.

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The Birth Dearth Confirmed

In projecting the slowest rate of population growth in our history after 1995, and a declining population after 2038, the Census Bureau has merely confirmed that the demographic trends of the past thirty years are not likely to be reversed. Since 1973, American women have been having babies at less than the 2.1-per-lifetime rate needed to keep population constant. The current fertility rate—1.8 births per woman—is 50 per cent below the baby-boom peak reached in 1957, and is unlikely to change in the foreseeable future.

A number of factors argue against our becoming alarmed at this, however. For one thing, these "best guesses" have in the past been notoriously wide of the mark. Both the baby boom and the baby bust were missed in previous Census Bureau prognostications, and many uncertainties surround the current forecast also. The spread of AIDS to the heterosexual population, for example, could produce an earlier and sharper population decline than currently anticipated, but it seems at least as likely that the heightened *fear* of AIDS will produce more and earlier marriages and, ultimately, higher fertility rates and population growth.

Secondly, our economic competitors are, if anything, more beset by demographic woes than we are. The population of Germany, for example, has already started to fall. Fertility rates in most of Europe are in the range of 1.4 to 1.8 births per woman. Between 1990 and 2000 the working-age population (15 to 64) of the United States will increase at an average of 0.8 per cent per year versus only 0.3 per cent in the 23 other OECD countries; Japan, Germany, and Italy will actually have smaller working-age populations in the year 2000 than they do now.

Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, productivity, not population, seems to be the key to national power these days. The United States, with 4.9 per cent of the world's population, produced 28.4 per cent of global GNP in 1985; India, with 16 per cent of the world's people, accounted for only 1.4 per cent. Since 1950 the share of the world's population living in the developed nations of the West (including Japan) has fallen from about 22 per cent to 15 per cent, with no discernible decline in power.

However, by 2035, according to Ben Wattenberg, only 8 per cent of the world's population will reside in the Western community; by 2085, only 5 per cent. Although Western productivity successfully bridged the gap between 22 per cent and 15 per cent of total world population, it may not be able to offset a decline from 15 per cent to 5 per cent, and at some point higher population growth may be required to maintain the relative economic and political standing of the Western community. —Ed Rubenstein

But there's the rub. Both sides *can't* win. For Israel to agree at this point to a Palestinian state that would include the West Bank would be suicidal. A thoughtful compromise must be worked out to give Arabs in the occupied territories greater autonomy than they now possess. Anything more than that is doomed to fail and likely to inflame.

The Wrong Stuff

The 11 million gallons of oil that the *Exxon Valdez* spilled into Alaskan waters covered an area equal to that of the state of Delaware, and caused incalculable and perhaps permanent damage to the fishing industry, to wildlife, and to the environment.

The scale of this damage provokes a question: Do we have the *character* to run the increasingly dangerous products of our technological expertise? A tanker of more than a thousand feet in length—like a nuclear reactor or a 747—should be operated by a corps of professionals that is both highly trained and morally disciplined, not by a captain who would leave his ship in the hands of an uncredentialed third mate.

That may not excuse the judicial demagoguery of Judge Kenneth K. Rohl, of the New York State Supreme Court, who set the captain's bail at $1 million (later reduced) and compared the disaster—absurdly—to the bombing of Hiroshima. But as we go further into advanced technology, we clearly need the Right Stuff in its operators. If that means that highly skilled technicians must be kept up to the mark by periodic retraining, testing, and even moral evaluation, that is a price they and we must pay.

Calling Lyndon Johnson

It was 25 years ago that Lyndon Johnson announced his plans for "The Great Society." Today the phrase refers only to a bundle of welfare programs that have helped make the federal budget a chronic problem.

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Nobody in his right mind supposes that America has become a "Great Society." It hasn't even remained a safe society.

Washington, D.C., will have far more murders this year than last, when the all-time record was set. Most of the killings involve drugs. Most of the victims are black.

Urban blacks were the intended beneficiaries of the Great Society programs. Today most of them live in a state of constant fear unimaginable in 1964. Liberals are reduced to pleading that the Great Society can't be convicted as an accomplice in the new reign of violence.

What seems hard to doubt, looking back, is that the Federal Government was trying to help poor blacks with narrowly targeted programs while neglecting the fundamental conditions of civil existence: moral order and physical safety. As the Swiss political writer Félix Somary observed, there is a sort of inverse ratio in governing: the more the state concentrates on inessential functions, the worse it will perform its most basic duties. You may be mugged on your way to the government-subsidized opera house.

Poverty causes crime, we were told over and over, back when there was much less crime and much more poverty. What have disappeared are the social underpinnings that used to encourage good behavior in the morally precarious sectors of the population. In particular, the "new morality" has hit the big cities like an atomic bomb. Fatherless children in huge numbers have now grown big enough to fight in drug wars and/or die of AIDS, though not before begetting children of their own who will haunt the cities later.

Liberals used to imagine the new morality in an ideal context: consenting (white, middle-class) adults in the privacy of their (suburban) homes. Hedonism presupposed character, providence, sophistication, and state-of-the-art contraceptives. The liberals did not foresee that "victimless crimes," in the ghetto, would not be victimless long.

At risk of sounding utopian, we submit that a worthy agenda for all levels of government would be to make the streets of America as safe as they were on the day Lyndon Johnson announced the Great Society.

Malcolm Cowley, RIP

THE SALIENT FACT about Malcolm Cowley, who died last month at the age of ninety, is that he lived the life of literature with intense commitment for some seventy years. He worked, as he put it in the title of one of his later collections, at "the writer's trade." He was by no means a profound critic, but he perfected a prose style that was lucid without being reductive.

During the 1930s, as book editor at *The New Republic*, Cowley bought an ideological used car from Josef Stalin. To his credit, this piece of sucker sentimentality embarrassed him ever afterward.

Perhaps Cowley's most important critical act was his editing of the *Viking Portable Faulkner* in 1946. This brought together from the stories and novels the Yoknapatawpha County material, Faulkner's imaginative territory, giving it a coherence of which Faulkner himself was incapable. It is not too much to say that Cowley brought Faulkner into general consciousness as one of the great American novelists; certainly he helped him win the Nobel Prize. Yes, Cowley worked at the writer's trade.

Gorbachev's Bad Week

A sub sank right off Norway;
  In Georgia, they raised hell.
He almost had a heat stroke
  Parading with Fidel.
The apples and potatoes
  Decayed on sidetracked trains,
But, anyway, Qaddafi
  Was happy with his planes.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Several months ago, Paul Kelly, that "product of 12 years of Catholic-school education," complained of Keith Mano's literal Bible quotation, which compared a rich man's difficulty in entering the Kingdom with that of a camel trying to go through the eye of a needle. Kelly would make it a trifle easier on the rich man by observing that this referred to a low gate in the walled city of Jerusalem. Since then we have waited impatiently for scholars to expose this clever brainwashing.

Some fifty years ago at Yale, in Bill Phelps's class on the Bible, we learned about the camel and the needle's eye. It may have comforted some of us, like Sleepy Hall and George Moore, who were earning our way through Yale. But we also learned that "our Lord" was a just God. Was the deck stacked against Louie Hill and Jock Whitney and others of the silver spoon amongst us? Or was this merely a device to encourage wealth equalization?

When we went on to law school we soon learned to be skeptics. To be taught that God loved only the poor was to question it. So some of us went back to the original texts, even though this was naughty. Keith

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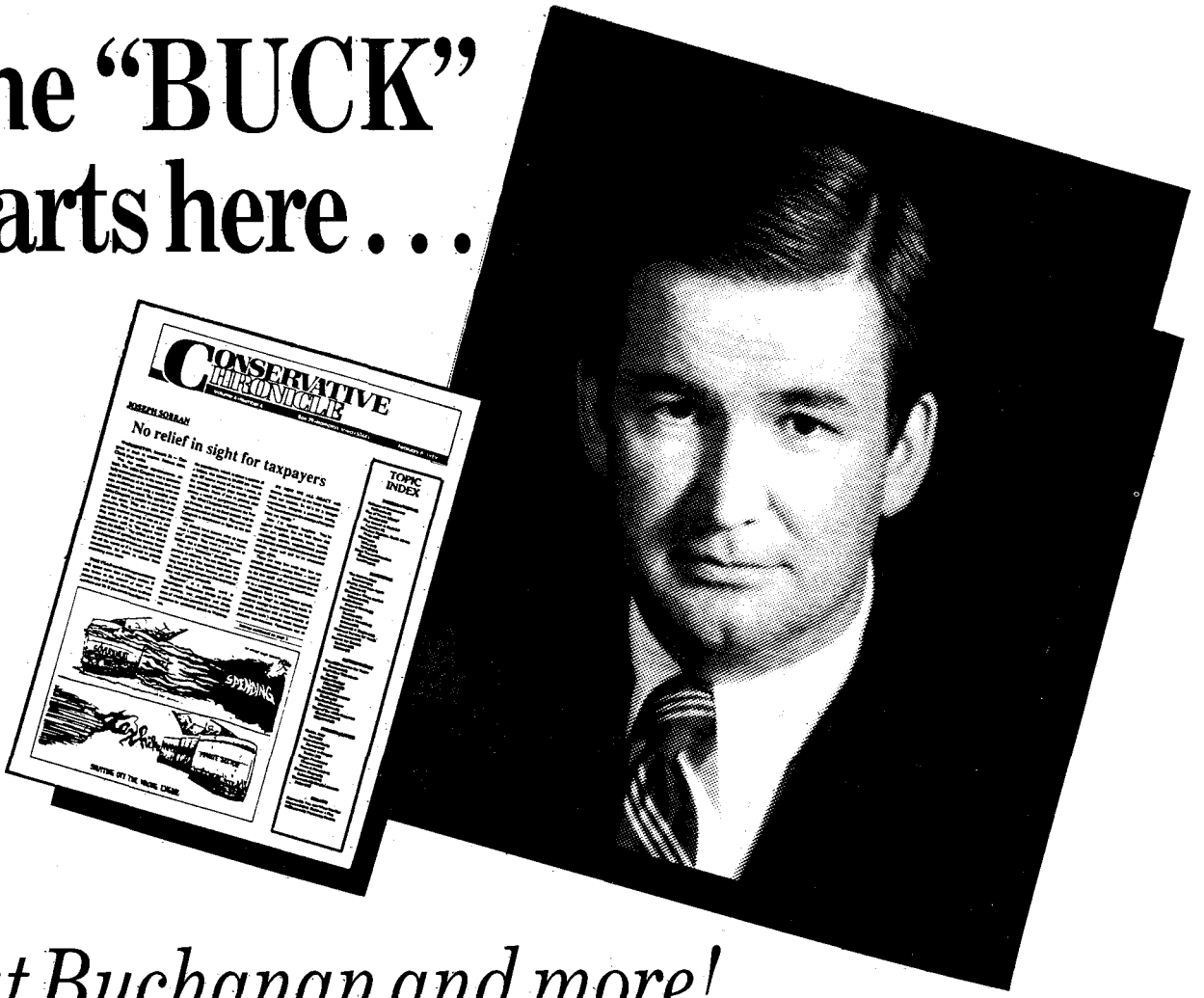
The "BUCK" starts here...



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Mano's quote is correct. But who reads the next verse? "Who then can be saved?" If it's so difficult for David or Solomon or Job or George Bush, what chance have we? And the answer: "With men this is impossible but with God all things are possible."

John W. Brabner-Smith
Director, Institute of Jurisprudence
Washington, D.C.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

After reading Thomas G. Holford's letter ["Notes & Asides," Dec. 30, 1988], the Governing Board of The Secret Team has authorized me to contact you and provide you with a copy of their Standing Operational Plan, "The List."

I enclose two documents that will give you a better sense of the spirit and direction of the Team. I would like to tell you more, but it is a secret.

I am certain that after you read these documents you will rest easier.

You may be interested to know that among the stringent requirements for membership is a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Cordially,
W. J. Provance
Oceanside, Calif.

SECRET TEAM
STANDING OPERATING PLAN

No. 112228 Governing Board

THE LIST

There may be a time when The Secret Team is called forth to take charge. Should that occur, the following list of actions will be taken as soon as feasible under operating conditions.

—Tell Soviets to get out of Western Hemisphere and Eastern Europe in three months or cut off all contact of any kind.

—Enforce Monroe Doctrine by sending Marines anywhere in Central and South America where there is activity hostile to our vital interests.

—Cut off all aid to any nation that votes against U.S. in the UN on any vital matter.

—Stop U.S. businesses and banks from doing any business with the Communists. Tell our Allies we want them to do the same.

—Stop all agriculture, tobacco, and dairy subsidies.

—Stop individual subsidies of all kinds, except for elderly, handicapped, and children with no family.

—Abolish Departments of Health and Human Services, Housing and Urban Development, Transportation, Energy, and Education. Those activities necessary would be returned whence they came.

—Give President line-item veto.

—Adopt balanced-budget amendment.

—Put prayer back in schools.

—Build and deploy SDI.

—No speak and write English, no vote.

—High-school diploma to vote. Equivalent for citizens born foreign.

—All Presidents must be at least 5'10".

—Do away with presidential and vice-presidential debates.

—Execute drug peddlers regardless of amount.

—Execute child pornographers.

—Castrate child abusers, plus stiff prison term.

—Confiscate all properties and money belonging to the descendants of Joseph P. Kennedy Sr.

—Jail Teddy for Chappaquiddick.

—Eliminate Elvis music; increase Benny Goodman's.

—Eliminate game of football.

—Expand game of baseball. (Separate list.)

—Eliminate professional basketball.

—De-franchise San Francisco Giants.

Dear Mr. Provance: Thank you very much for your suggestions. They provoke prayer and meditation. Cordially, WFB

Kaufman, *Punch* / Rothco

"Quiet! I hear ten, no, 15 corporate raiders approaching."

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If the greenhouse doesn't get you
And the condom doesn't break
Then a needle filled with AIDS blood
Stabs you swimming in the lake;
If your airplane makes a landing
But Brazilian forests blaze
And fluorocarbons surround you
While St. Patrick's fills with gays;
Then my answer may be helpful
As you poet dreamers grow fond—
Make a break to the Lax Shelter
Before someone drops the Bomb.

Guy Piazza
Westampton, N.J.

Dear Mr. Piazza: Thanks very much. Thanks. (Where *is* the Lax Shelter?) Cordially, **—WFB**

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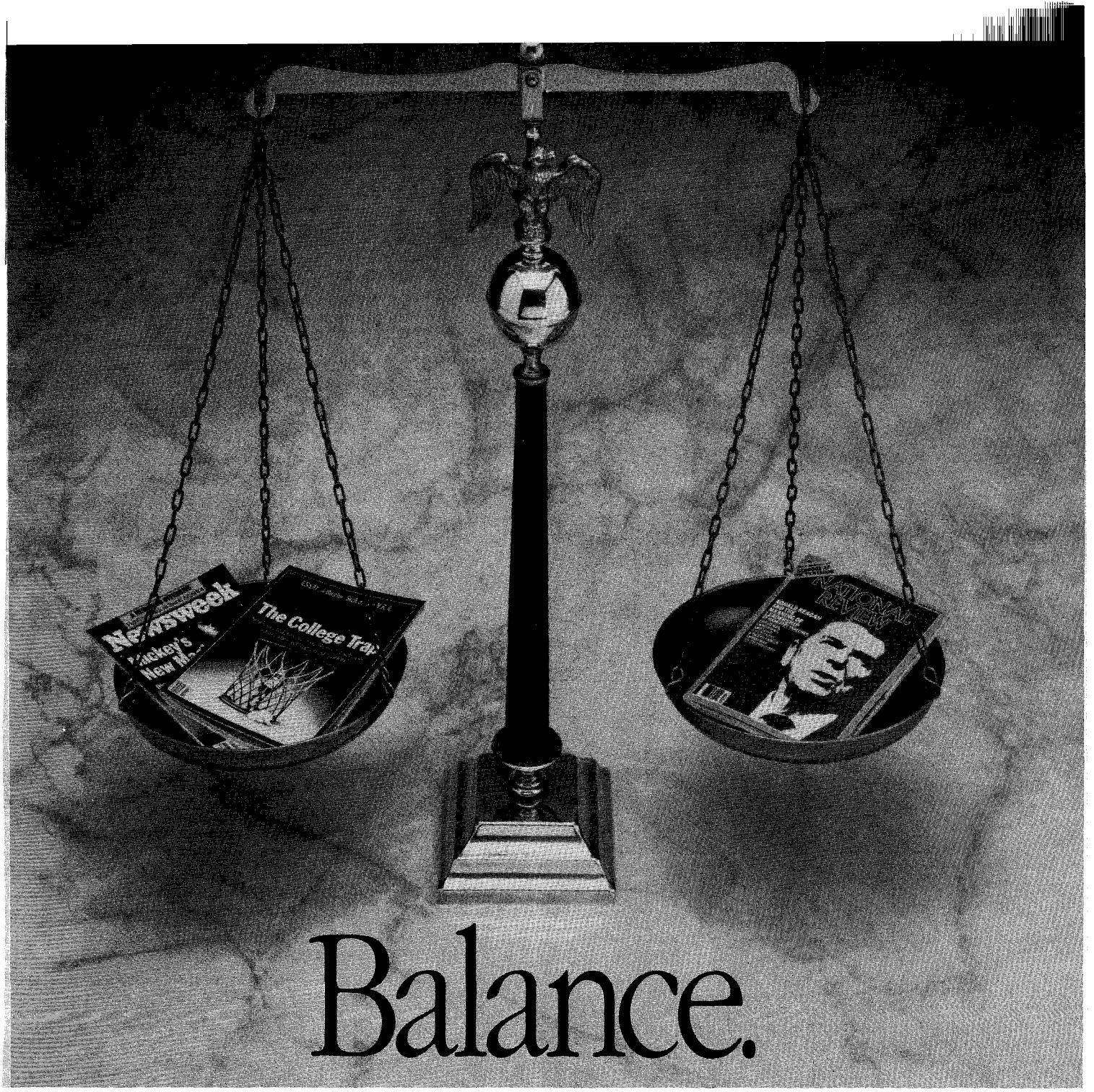

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THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE REVISITED

GEOFFREY MORRIS

Jersey City, New Jersey, is a blue-collar, crime-ridden area across the Hudson River from New York City. Some 86 per cent of the students in its public schools are minorities—speaking thirty different languages in all—and close to a third of them are supported by welfare. In 1987, the district had a dropout rate close to 20 per cent, while only 26 per cent passed the state's proficiency exam for entry into ninth grade. The curriculum is left over from the early Seventies, and that's not because the administrators favor traditional ways of teaching. The aging buildings are splattered with graffiti, the hallways and classrooms sadly neglected. Drugs and fighting are common on school grounds, and the quality of education is among the worst in the country.

By May 1988, the situation had become so appalling that the state decided it had no choice but to take the school district over (a decision that was immediately challenged in the courts, which have not yet reached a final verdict). The state report issued at the time, after extensive investigation, concluded that "the Jersey City Board of Education has demonstrated that it is incapable of efficiently governing the school district." Other observers agreed. As rumors floated around concerning the takeover, the *Jersey Journal* reported, "If the state had any remaining doubts about the need for intervening in the Jersey City public-school system, they should have been erased by last week's meeting of the board . . . The meeting itself was as orderly as a stampede. And made about as much sense."

Part of the problem had to do with local politics. The state report says: "The examples of patronage, inconsistent criteria for selection, and the acceptance of poor performance . . . demonstrate the board's willingness to participate in the continued widespread political intrusion into the district's operation." Former Mayor Gerald McAnn laid off teachers who failed to support his political re-election campaign. And his successor, Mayor Anthony Cucci, currently running for re-election, doesn't seem to have changed matters much. The political patronage has been so widespread that those filling district positions of responsibility had no idea of their actual duties. Positions were created to be filled by cronies. Routine hiring, evaluating, and recordkeeping were not only bypassed, but not even expected.

"I've just decided not to become a discipline problem."

These problems, however, are not at all unique to Jersey City. Paterson, just half an hour's drive away, gained nationwide attention through one of its high-school principals, Joe Clark. Clark has been made famous by his bullhorn, flame-treated Willie Mays bat, and aura of controversy, portrayed in the recent Warner Brothers movie *Lean on Me*.

Paterson is demographically similar to Jersey City. Ninety per cent of its 25,000 students are black or Hispanic. Close to 30 per cent of the students are supported by welfare. Only 33 per cent passed the state's proficiency exam. And the Paterson district has not been state-certified since 1975.

The movie glorifies the Clark story a bit, but is on the whole accurate. Clark was hired in 1982 as principal of the three-thousand-student Eastside High School for his hard-nosed, do-it-yourself reputation as a teacher. Ironically, the initial mandate came from the mayor, worried that the state of the district's schools, which was becoming a serious campaign issue, might impede his re-election.

In the movie, Clark conducts his first meeting with the faculty like a drill sergeant on the first day of boot camp, bullying them with ringing rhetoric and strong advice, saying he will change this "cauldron of violence" into a

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solid educational atmosphere. The faculty cringe at his harsh style, iron hand, and, most important, his dreaded message—that they have failed to do their jobs.

His speech is full of robust enthusiasm and energy as well as one-liners and clichés: "Discipline is not the enemy of enthusiasm"; if you fail, "don't blame the white man, don't blame your parents, blame yourself." And he is a firm believer in the American dream: "If you can conceive it, you can believe it, and you can achieve it," Clark harangues his student body.

He feels strongly that welfare is the bane of underclass existence. "The welfare system sends [the students] this message: Don't work and we'll give you a diploma to get you a job you don't deserve."

On film (as in reality) Clark sweeps away graffiti, the drug dealers, and the impression that no one cares. He transforms Eastside High into bright corridors adorned with flowers, cheery sayings, clean lockers, and happy faces. He roams the halls, greeted with love from the students, each of whom he knows by name. He shows genuine concern toward the boy who cannot grasp an algebra problem or the girl whose mother kicked her out of the house.

When Clark arrived as principal seven years ago, he expelled three hundred "hooligans and thugs." He imposed "stay to the right—in a single file" rules, no littering, no one in the hall without a pass, and mandatory homework. In 1988, close to 61 per cent of the students passed the basic-skills exam in reading and 48 per cent in math, up from 39 and 45 per cent in 1986, although the overall performance on state exams has not markedly improved. The dropout rate, meanwhile, has risen to 21 per cent, due in large part to his strict rules and homework requirements. He has also made enemies of much of the faculty —over a hundred have resigned in disgust at his tactics.

Clark's disciplinary style has gained him praise from former Education Secretary William Bennett, and Gary Bauer, a former Bennett aide, offered him a White House job, which Clark turned down. But after he was suspended for not having prevented a partial strip-tease from taking place at a school talent show, he is planning, at least temporarily, to pursue other interests.

Meanwhile, his managerial tactics appear to be a step in the right direction, but only the first step. At the least, Clark has gotten his students out of the ghetto mentality through a traditional philosophy: If you expect more of a student, he will rise to meet those expectations, and vice versa. Many principals in other no-hope-left, inner-city schools agree with Joe Clark's principles, but disagree with his baseball-bat enforcement. Clark himself admits that "there is more to education than discipline."

Indeed, but the problems of inner-city schools are now in the public spotlight. And notwithstanding the success or failure that may arise from the state's actions in Jersey City or Joe Clark's in Paterson, without a moral framework to interpret what is learned in school, the rules of the street remain the mental make-up of many inner-city youth. So Joe Clark's advice, "If you can believe it, you can achieve it," leads, on the street, to robbery and drug dealing.

An interesting development in the effort to meet this problem is the nationwide increase in enrollment of minorities in Catholic parochial schools, from 11 per cent in 1970 to nearly 22 per cent in 1988. Some 83 per cent of parochial-school graduates go on to college, while only 52 per cent of public-school graduates do—perhaps because parochial schools have infiltrated values into education. But those values are based on—dread word—religion; and even for non-ACLU types, there is a legitimate question, when we are speaking of public schools, of whose religious values we would use —Catholic? Unitarian? Moslem?

A viable alternative is the voucher system, which would allow low-income families to choose among any number of schools for their children—public, private, parochial. With secular public schools no longer the only option for those requiring a state-supported education, schools of all religious persuasions—and of no religious persuasion—would spring up, satisfying the original intent of separating church and state: to avoid having the state make choices based on doctrine that favor one church over another.

With education out of the hands of government, we begin to see alternatives—like the one currently being experimented with by Boston University, which has, with the local board as a partner, taken control of the school district of Chelsea, a Boston suburb.

Peter Greer, dean of BU's school of education, sees Joe Clark's philosophy as a necessary first step. However, in Chelsea, Dr. Greer says, BU is counseling teachers on "how to integrate respect, courage, integrity, and friendship" into daily lessons. In addition, they plan to be very "deliberate and explicit" in their teaching of values by using Plato and the Bible as lessons, thereby creating Forms, if you will, for students to draw from and apply to everyday life.

But despite the nationwide concern over the state of our schools, do not expect to see fundamental reform soon. Rather, marginal issues lead to enormous battles: the Jersey City case rages on in court, Paterson administrators protect students from the bat-carrying tyrant . . . and the children remain illiterate. □

SOCIALISTS AT WORK AND PLAY

MARK CUNNINGHAM

Paul Robeson Jr., greying and lean, charismatic as a prophet, tries to explain the extent of Stalin's genocides to three frail audience members, men of his father's generation who've probably spent much of their lives denying "right-wing propaganda." Confidently counting off figures—"at least five to seven million in the Ukraine . . . they're just digging up the mass graves in the Baltic countries now"—he reaches totals of thirty million peacetime and 27 million wartime casualties, 73 per cent of them ethnic minorities (that's why Robeson's people won't get fooled again: they

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have Jesse now). The old men can't quite get it: they've given not just their lives but a good part of their critical ability to the Cause. Eventually, the group breaks up.

The Left has changed this tiny bit, I discovered at the Seventh Annual Socialist Scholars Conference, "Two Centuries of Revolution: 1789-1989," held over the March 31 weekend at CUNY's Manhattan Community College. Irving Howe brought down the house the final night with his vindication of the anti-Stalinist Left: "We have had enough of vanguard parties and arrogant Leninists." On the other hand, I overheard more about Alexander Cockburn's *Nation* piece scoffing at recent estimates of casualties under Stalin than about Robeson. And Nicaragua's Sandinistas sent a well-received delegation.

The conference this year was "open to all currents of socialism," we were told by Bogdan Denitch, CUNY professor, member of *Dissent*'s editorial board, and conference "co-chair," at the opening plenary session. And yet the nightly sessions, with crowds from one to two thousand, and the more or less common jargon of the participants in my unscientific sampling of the hundred-plus workshop/panels showed real solidarity. The out-and-out Commies and the indigestible Greens aside, the Left is agreed on what's wrong with America (us) and who the good people are (them); the current difficulty, having rejected the old answer, is "what is to be done."

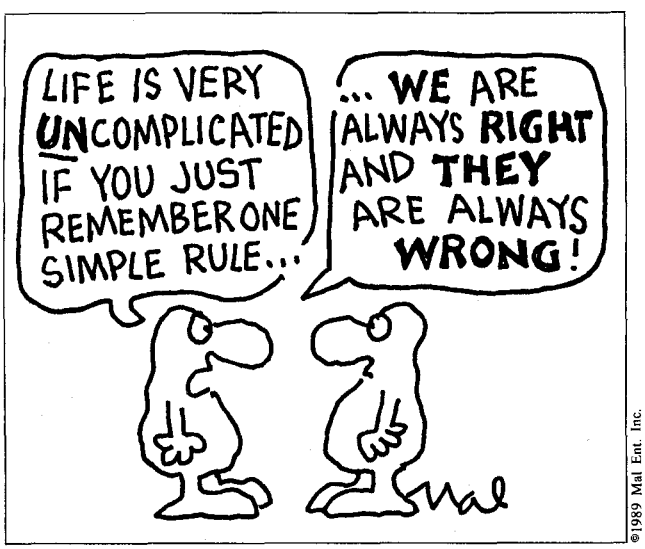
THE BIGGEST CHEERS were for Denitch himself, a burly white-haired intellectual with a genuinely populist manner, as he acknowledged recent contributions to Left thought but emphasized traditional allegiances; for various representatives of the Eastern Strikers ("the front line of the labor movement"); for the remarkably vigorous Michael Harrington (still glad that student protests "forced" the end of the Vietnam War, sure a new wave is in the offing); for author and wit Barbara Ehrenreich ("What we are trying to achieve as socialism is crazy and impossible, but it is also necessary, not only morally, but pragmatically, if humanity is to survive"); and for the cadaverous, energetic Daniel Singer, European correspondent for *The Nation*, especially when he said of Rosa Luxemburg that she was such a perfect revolutionary, "she should have been black."

Most of all, the socialists cheered every mention of Jesse Jackson ("denied the Democratic nomination by racism") and former Rainbow Coalition director Ronald Daniels, who told them (if anyone doubted it) that Jesse wants what they do: the end of "monopoly finance capitalism" and "the stubborn right-wing racist conspiracy in this country," recognition of the Third World "right to receive economic assistance," a "people's budget," and, of course, "no retreat . . . on D.C. statehood."

Why such enthusiasm for Jesse, when every other speaker sneered at today's politicians (Denitch called them "hacks")? It's not just his radicalism; as always with socialists, it's The Idea of him. The Soviet and the labor-movement vanguards were *the* sources of salvation in the Thirties, as were student and black revolutionaries in the Sixties. But since Lenin invented the Vanguard because the People just didn't seem to be moving, and that concept hasn't exactly worked out in practice, Socialist Scholars have had to find a new source of revolutionary consciousness. So the hot thing now is the "new social movements"—women and minorities. That's where the legitimacy is, where the heaviest theoretical panels were—and it's where the prestige jobs are, as non-socialist scholars will attest.

There may still be a few covert cadres—for example, the New Alliance Party, a "Black-led, women-led, multiracial, pro-gay independent political organization," the "fourth-largest political party in America," which ran Lenora Fulani for President last year. According to Chip Berlet of Political Research Associates, a Cambridge group that monitors right-wing activity, current NAP master theoretician and psychotherapy guru Fred Newman has ties to Lyndon LaRouche. This workshop ("Lyndon LaRouche, Fred Newman, and the concept of Totalitarianism") culminated in two exchanges: 1) Berlet's branding NAP a "cult of personality" led a black woman NAPer to call him racist, unable to "follow black woman leadership," whereupon he called her a homophobe. Impasse. 2) As reported in its paper, NAP counter-charges that PRA is controlled by the two or three CIA renegades on its board—who may not *really* be *former* agents at all. Though Philip Agee was at the conference, no one managed to arrange a briefing on this. But Berlet did admit to being a liberal, which makes him a pretty suspicious character to some.

Liberals are, after all, the folks leftists love to hate: there was far more contempt for Sam Nunn—for his "national service" bill, his anti-anti-defense stance, and for trying to keep the Democratic Party in the hands of "white Southern males"—than for Ronald Reagan, who was just playing his historically mandated role. And today's sorry bunch of liberals, in the words of Mrs. Ehrenreich, aren't even acquiescing in a "proper division of labor" between Left and liberal by poking holes in conservative arguments; "it's the real leftists that have to do this," though they have *much* better things to do. Of course her specific complaint, that the liberals aren't countering Charles Murray on welfare and William Tucker on rent control, is particularly poignant given that twenty years ago both Murray and Tucker *were* liberals.


LIFE IS VERY UNCOMPLICATED IF YOU JUST REMEMBER ONE SIMPLE RULE...
... WE ARE ALWAYS RIGHT AND THEY ARE ALWAYS WRONG!
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Who are the Socialist Scholars? Unsurprisingly, the Thirties, Sixties, and Nineties generations predominate. Occupationally, the later generations include professors and grad students, largely studying social movements in history, lit-

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erature, sociology, or political science, at colleges from CUNY all the way to Princeton (including the gifted Michael Walzer); journalists from *The Nation*, *New Left Review*, *Monthly Review*, etc.; activists and intellectuals from groups such as Act-Up (on AIDS), NAP, Democratic Socialists of America (DSA), Union for Radical Political Economy, the Radical Philosophy Association, and on into the night. Other Socialist Scholars are lawyers, psychologists, schoolteachers.

Robert Costa teaches at Hillcrest High in Queens, New York. As one of the participants in the workshop "Teaching Socialism in U.S. Schools," he presented a few simple rules: 1) wear a coat and tie, and short hair—"The more conservative you look, the more they can't imagine you teaching anything radical"; 2) push radical implications of classical works—"The most conservative education produced some of the greatest radicals . . . Exodus is the first strike in history"; 3) use the VCR—"There's lots of radical stuff shown on public television . . . build up a tape library."

Apart from the more gruesome activists and a coterie of rather strident Brits (the *New Statesman*'s Stewart Weir solemnly explained that the British Constitution hasn't been reformed since 1688—and it isn't even written down!), Socialist Scholars turned out to be nice people; they even laugh at themselves. At the DSA recruiting kaffeeklatsch, Mrs. Ehrenreich explained that "all my friends are socialists, my work is in socialism," without socialism "I'd be just another housewife." She proceeded to play off the DSA recruiting slogan, AN UNORGANIZED SOCIALIST IS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS: another DSAer had pointed out that there *are* unorganized socialists; "We call them cranks." Apologizing for the inevitable organizational mishaps (crowded rooms, missing panelists, etc.) Bogdan Denitch promised that *next* year the conference would go off without a hitch—"You can trust that like all promises from socialists." □

THE HUNGARIAN MIRACLE

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

As EASTERN EUROPE plods onward, day by day, in the direction of *glasnost* and *perestroika*, one Soviet satellite has burst from the pack and into the lead, ahead of Poland in most respects, ahead of even the Soviet Union itself. That country is Hungary—whose recent flirtations with capitalism and democracy could almost be called miraculous.

Though the pace of liberation has quickened in the past year, Hungary has been in a state of political and ideological ferment through much of this decade. The Seventies were a prosperous time for Hungarians, feeding the dangerous illusion that Communism could indeed deliver the goods. The Eighties, however, brought a nasty awakening, as the country's growing debt to Western governments and financial institutions resulted in a nearly desperate economic situation. Though Hungary did all it could to pay its debts, it succeeded only in producing a general impoverishment—in which old people, living on the Hungarian equivalent of Social Security, and the young, unskilled unemployed were hardest hit. Meanwhile, a shrewd, hard-working nation, with a system that is not 100 per cent totalitarian, will manage to build up a thriving black-market economy, providing a relatively comfortable existence for a small, enterprising middle class. And so it has been in Hungary. This demonstration of the superiority of free enterprise shook the hearts and minds of even the old Bolsheviks, and triggered a serious rethinking of Hungarian Communism—the results of which we are now witnessing.

There has been, first of all, a trend toward reappraising the official version of recent Hungarian history. Perhaps most significantly, Imre Pozsgay, a member of the Politburo, recently went so far as to declare the 1956 Hungarian Revolution a "popular rebellion"—although he was later corrected by the ruling Socialist Workers' Party Central Committee, which decided in a compromise that 1956 had *begun* as a popular rebellion, but degenerated into a treasonous "counterrevolution." Meanwhile, the four main leaders of the "counterrevolution," who had been executed as enemies of the state, have been exonerated, their mortal remains solemnly exhumed and reburied.

The Hungarian government has also been contemplating another rehabilitation—of Hungary's beautiful old coat of arms. Featuring Hungary's four major rivers and three major mountains under the apostolic cross, all surmounted by a Crown of St. Stephen, the coat of arms was abolished by Louis Kossuth, leader of the revolution of 1848-49, but will in all likelihood soon replace the five-pointed star as the country's national symbol. To most Hungarians, this will mean a great deal—as did the return of the crown itself from American custody, which some greeted *kneeling* in the streets.

Slowly, this new thinking about Hungary's past has helped produce a real change of heart, even among leading Party members, about Hungary's future. Indeed, Imre Pozsgay has dismissed the Communist economic model as "the wrong path in its entirety." By the middle of this year, Budapest plans to open an international stock exchange—the first in Eastern Europe—in which foreigners will be permitted to buy shares in Hungarian companies. A new joint-venture law allows 100 per cent foreign ownership of some Hungarian companies, and guarantees repatriation of profits. On the whole, the growing private sector of Hungarian industry, though small, is booming.

On the political side, there has been serious talk about free, multi-party elections, to be held next year within the framework of a new constitution. And already the constellation of opposition parties has begun to emerge. Hungary's Catholic bishops are opposed to the formation of a Christian party, but a formerly important small-landowners' organization has reappeared on the scene, and there are several strong nationalist groups (like those now to be found all over Eastern Europe), including the elitist Hungarian Democratic Forum, as well as a monarchist group, St. Stephen's League. The plan currently under consideration would guarantee the ruling Socialist Workers' Party a dominant role in government through 1995. After that, however,

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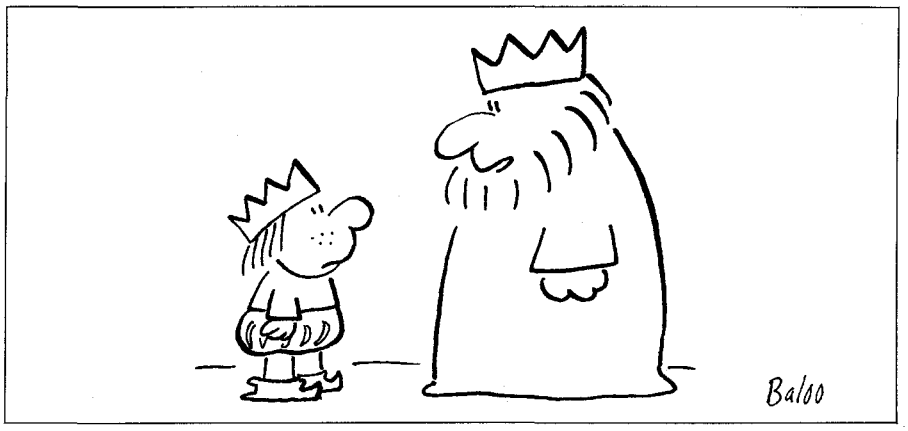

"I'm just authoritarian, but your mother is totalitarian."

Prime Minister Karoly Grosz has commented, the SWP may emerge the loser. If it does, he said, it will have only itself to blame.

In another positive development, the Catholic Church, to which two-thirds of the population belong, is gaining momentum. Five bishops have expressed the hope that more of the old religious orders will be again permitted to function and that new ones will be created. The Hungarian bishops are especially keen on extending religious education in the state schools, where up to now it has been barely tolerated. (It was permitted, however, in a few private Catholic schools—which have survived over the years partly because the members of the *Nomenklatura* have valued the discipline they offer.)

It remains to be seen, of course, how far the process of liberation will go. There is no question that the return to private enterprise will be fraught with difficulties, especially in a country as capital-poor as Hungary. Ultimately, though, the success of Hungary's economic experiment will depend on the willingness of foreigners to invest in Hungarian business, given that investing money in an unfree country is even more hazardous than giving it loans. (Then again, there are few limits to the self-deception indulged in by our Western businessmen, when they are eyeing the great "untapped" markets in the East.) Theoretically, Hungary could turn to the Soviets for hard cash, but, under Gorbachev, Moscow is more inclined to let its satellites fend for themselves. It would hardly bail out the Hungarians only to help them repay their debts to the capitalist world.

As for political liberalization, though Mikhail Gorbachev has encouraged economic reforms in Hungary and elsewhere, he recently condemned the notion of multi-party democracy as "rubbish." Here in neighboring Austria, we are reminded of 1956. One only hopes that no sudden gust of military violence will blow in from Moscow to extinguish the Hungarian miracle. □

GLASNOST MEETS APARTHEID

BRIAN CROZIER

AMONG THE CHANGES of Soviet direction under Mikhail Gorbachev is a foreign initiative of great and proximate significance. At an initially secret meeting of academics in Surrey, England, Soviet and South African participants came together, under the chairmanship of a distinguished British diplomat, Sir John Killick. Implicitly, though not quite explicitly, the Soviet delegation, led by ex-President Gromyko's son, Anatoly, disowned the African National Congress (ANC), longtime terrorist protégé of the Soviet Union. In evidently frank exchanges, the Soviets agreed with the South Africans that South Africa's political and constitutional problems could best be solved by a round-table conference of all interested parties. In practice, this would place the ANC on an equal footing with, say, Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha party.

As if to underline this change, ANC leader Oliver Tambo was virtually snubbed on a coincident visit to Moscow. Last time round, in 1986, he had been received with honor by Gorbachev himself; this time, he had to content himself with Valentin Falin, head of the International Department.

Sir John Killick is a clear-headed, outspoken, atypical diplomat. He was personally involved in the famous mass expulsion of 105 Soviet spies from Britain in 1971, on his appointment as ambassador to the USSR. No more skeptical student of the Soviet reality could be imagined. In a long conversation with him after the Surrey meeting, he told me he was convinced that the demotion of the ANC was indeed a major change.

There are further details of interest. As director of the Soviet Africa Institute, the younger Gromyko is an ideological descendant of the late Professor Ivan Potekhin, who pioneered Soviet studies of Africa in the 1950s. The point to note is that such "institutes," in the Soviet Union, are arms of the International Department of the Central Committee, i.e., weapons in the cold war. (The better known Institute for the Study of the United States is another example.)

As for the ANC, whose best known leader is Nelson Mandela, it has long been conterminous with the South African Communist Party. If Moscow's demotion of the ANC is for real, this is indeed a far-reaching change.

In strategic terms, it has to be seen in the context of the Angola-Namibia settlement (and the retreat from Afghanistan). Here, however, a note of caution is needed. Not all the thousands of Cuban troops being repatriated from Angola are in fact returning to their *patria*. There are intriguing reports that some of them are being regrouped in Panama (whose strongman, General Noriega, has no reason to love the United States), then reassigned to various Latin American countries.

Any such regrouping could mean a resurgence of Fidel Castro's "adventurism" of his early years. Or it could be a cheap way for Gorbachev to keep up the pressure on the United States, while disclaiming responsibility. Watch this space. □

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Reagan appointees Richard Allen, Ed Meese, and James Baker have all been brought under intense scrutiny for 'appearances of impropriety.' All were almost surely innocent. Only one got off.

JIM BAKER, MINISTERING TO THE MEDIA

TOM BETHELL

In the mid 1950s James A. Baker III enrolled at the University of Texas Law School in Austin. It was something that was expected of him by his father, James A. Baker II. "Jimmy" Baker pledged with the Phi Delta Theta fraternity—his father expected that, too, even though Jimmy was seven years older than his Phi Delta brothers, and was married, with a baby son. He had graduated from Princeton and served two years in the U.S. Marine Corps. He went along with the fraternity rituals in good spirit. Throughout Hell Week he even walked around with a dead fish awkwardly attached to his anatomy.

"I did that for my father," Baker told the writer Taylor Branch in 1982. "He wanted me to do it because he had done it. He believed it was the smart thing to do. If you're going to practice law in Texas you go to the law school in Austin and make all the contacts you can. They'll pay off later." When Baker was growing up his father would come into the bedroom in the morning with a pitcher of cold water, ready to pour it over the bed if Jimmy didn't leap up immediately. Baker II would be all dressed up and ready to go to work at Baker & Botts, the Houston law firm. "My old man was tough with me," Jimmy said.

A friend of Jimmy Baker's recalls that, while they were both at law school, Baker said to him one day: "Has your family settled with you yet?" Settled money, Baker meant; settled his inheritance. And Baker's friend, who does not want to be identified (like almost everyone else you speak to about Baker), sensed that the future Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State was uneasy about this whole business of inheriting wealth. There is of course something non-meritocratic about it; something (dare one say it?) unfair. Perhaps that is why Baker, normally so self-confident, so diligent, hardworking, responsible, well prepared for every encounter, in control of every situation, seemed at that moment to be (in this century of the common man, restive Third World hordes, and envy-stirring intellectuals) apprehensive about his privileged state.

Barely three weeks after he had been confirmed as Secretary of State, and with the reporters assigned to cover him outdoing themselves in their fawning admiration of the non-ideological pragmatist, the *Washington Post* reported in a page-one story that Baker was under pressure to sell stock he owned in a bank. Four days later the *Washington Post* printed the dreaded follow-up (so much feared in Washington, but normally reserved for ideologues): "Bank Stock Not Discussed in '85 Hearing. Many Panel Members Not Aware of Holdings." That meant senators. The second story suggested that Baker had misled them when he testified at his Treasury Secretary confirmation hearings. "I don't know any more what I own," Baker had testified. But (ominous rebuttal): "According to an aide to Baker, he had been reminded of those elements of his trust [that he had owned in 1981 and still owned in 1985] just before his confirmation hearing in 1985." Baker was "traveling in Europe" and so "could not be reached for comment." (There has been no media follow-up on this unresolved point.)

For the first time since he came to Washington, and so soon after reaching his pinnacle, Baker was in trouble. And if measured against the usually minor infractions that yielded a media hue and cry against a succession of Reagan appointees, including National Security Advisor Richard Allen and Attorney General Ed Meese, Baker could (so it seemed in mid February) have been in big trouble.

When Baker came to Washington after Reagan's election in 1980, he placed his assets in a qualified blind trust. Under its terms his trustee could make investments about which Baker would know nothing. But Baker was "reminded periodically" of those investments that were originally placed in the trust and remained in it. Among those original assets, it turned out, was a large amount of stock in Texas Commerce Bank. In 1987 this bank was taken over by Chemical New York Corporation, a bank with over $4 billion in outstanding loans to Third World countries. Baker had held onto his stock, first in Texas Commerce and then in Chemical, "for sentimental reasons," according to an unidentified "colleague." Texas Commerce Bank was founded by Baker's grandfather, James A. Baker Sr. (that's "Captain Baker," the one who built Baker & Botts into Houston's leading law firm). Here was Baker's inheritance coming back to haunt him.

As to the size of Baker's bank holdings, there have been conflicting accounts. His Financial Disclosure Statement merely reported "more than $250,000," the largest category on federal disclosure forms. Thomas L. Friedman, who covers the State Department for the *New York Times*, re-

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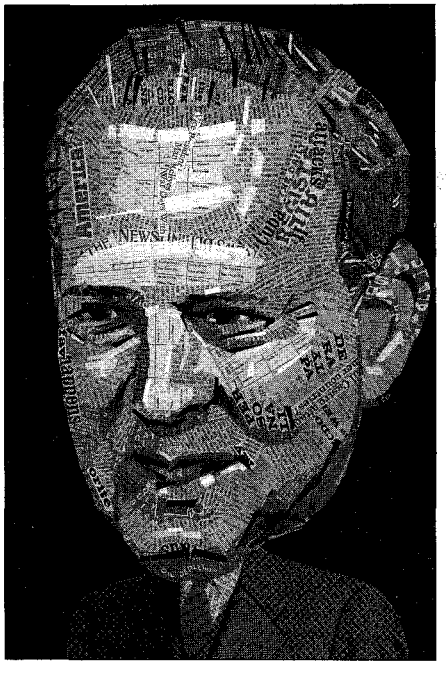
ported on February 15 that "Texas Commerce documents show that as of December 15, 1980, Mr. Baker owned or controlled 111,428 shares of the bank company, worth $7,242,820 at the time." But a more recent article by Walter Pincus, the *Washington Post* reporter who broke the original story, put the value of Baker's Texas Commerce stock at $3.5 million in January 1981. By the time Baker became Secretary of the Treasury, this stock had risen about 15 per cent in value.

The appearance of a conflict of interest arose (and it was the "mere appearance" of such a conflict that Meese et al. were always urged to avoid) because, as Treasury Secretary, Baker was responsible for implementing the so-called Baker Plan for dealing with Third World debt. (This was an attempt to keep the whole Ponzi scheme of international debt going a few years longer by urging banks to make more loans. Debtor countries were meekly asked to make some economic reforms if at all possible.)



By 1987, then, when he was the senior official in charge of U.S. economic policy, Baker was in a position to protect the value of his sentimental investments while seeming to conduct disinterested policy. Even if he had no such design, there was still that old devil, "appearance." "He should not have held onto it," former chairman of the Senate Banking Committee William Proxmire said, when he (recently) learned about the matter.

That said, it is evident from market data that Baker did not in fact profit from his position. According to the *Washington Post*: "If Baker still held his original stake in Texas Commerce when it was taken over by Chemical, and if he had kept all the Chemical stock he received in the takeover, then the shares he sold last week were worth about $1.2 million, a price more than $2 million below the market value of the Texas bank stock he held when he entered government more than eight years ago."

Actually, the bank-stock episode told us more about Washington than it did about Baker. Apart from *The New Republic*, which attacked what it called "The Banker Plan," scarcely a peep of criticism of Baker was heard, revealing how well Baker had massaged the media over the years. The traffic cops saw the friendly face behind the wheel and acted like the guards at Checkpoint Charlie when the Soviet ambassador drives up in his limousine.

The New Republic may, in retrospect, have been excessively cynical in its "Banker Plan" editorial, suggesting that the episode had "the potential" to clear up several mysteries, among them "why there hasn't been any real [debt] relief," and why what little relief there has been "hasn't come at the expense of the American banks that made the bad loans in the first place." (Actually the bad loans drove down the value of the banks' stock—hence Baker's probable loss: Encouraging the banks to throw good money after bad was no relief for the banks. The subsequent, still unresolved Brady Plan could prove more helpful, by guaranteeing that a more substantial part of the money owed to the banks will be recovered, with the World Bank and IMF transferring taxpayers' money from Washington to New York.)

But at least *The New Republic* applied the same, single standard of suspicion-*cum*-indignation to Baker as to all other "ethics" suspects. By contrast Dan Rather on *The CBS Evening News* complacently noted on February 14 that Baker was selling his bank stock because "he wants to avoid even the *appearance* of a conflict of interest." Rather failed to note that the apparent conflict had already gone on for four years, while Baker was Secretary of the Treasury. The *Washington Post* editorial page was uncharacteristically concerned about the capital-gains taxes that Baker would have to pay on selling his stock, suggesting that "no one should have to pay a tax to hold high office. A change in the tax law can fix that."

A blatant double standard had opened up, and an inadvertent side-effect has been to mock the ethics laws. Post-Baker, it could not be clearer that they are on the books solely to arrest "ideologues" on suspicion, then hold them up to a daily barrage of hostile scrutiny and see if they crack under the strain. This, too, has registered, almost subliminally, in Washington. Six weeks after his original story, Walter Pincus returned like a dog to a still juicy bone, noting that the value of Ed Meese's AT&T holdings had been an issue in determining whether he needed a waiver to discuss telecommunications policy at the Justice Department, but no one had applied this standard to Baker. "Jim Baker is a fair-haired boy in this town," one former official was quoted as saying. And an anonymous Baker "colleague" said that the episode "raised a systemic issue that feelings rather than facts" may be running the "ethics system."

A week earlier Susan Rasky of the *New York Times* noted that the "application" of the ethics standards is "selective," with "relatively brief and politically painless attention paid to Secretary of State James A. Baker III last month when questions were raised about his substantial holdings in Chemical Bank . . ." Baker "is widely liked," she added by way of explanation.

Widely liked? By reporters, maybe. Among his colleagues in government, this is less clearly the case. "He won't hesitate to put a knife in your back," said a senior Reagan appointee, who himself woke up one morning and found that he had received the treatment, the "knife" taking the form of derogatory information about himself leaked to the *Washington Post*. The official was certain that the information came from Baker. Another senior Reagan appointee said the same thing, almost word for word. If their stories were typical, Baker has discovered that the Washington arena is ideal for killing two birds with one stone: you can both win out in interoffice struggles and make friends with the press by surreptitiously conveying information about rivals to journalists who are forever on the lookout for page-one stories to advance their careers.

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With Sununu, a Different Story?

JOHN SUNUNU, the new White House Chief of Staff, is not happy with the press he's getting. So the governor sat down with Cato the other day in the Roosevelt room, a conference room just across from the Oval Office, to set the record straight. Following are excerpts from what we said:

Cato: The argument against the Bush Presidency goes something like this: the Administration is rudderless, lacking a coherent domestic and foreign-policy agenda, tackling issues in piecemeal fashion without any sense of direction. Is that charge fair? If not, then, what are your priorities?

Sununu: A lot of problems have accumulated over the last twenty years. Rather than continue to shovel them under the rug and see the country's strength deteriorate, the President's first priority is to deal with these problems. Secondly, it is to address those issues that will enable this country to move into the twenty-first century. I mean issues like education, restructuring child-care programs because of a changing work force, and addressing the needs of the environment.

Cato: So how has the experience of governing affected those priorities? Certainly this Administration's policy in Central America has evolved dramatically from the policy of the Reagan Administration—a position that Vice President Bush at least officially supported a few months ago.

Sununu: I think the President has done the prudent thing. He said: Look, let's make an overall review of the situation in the world today. Whether we like it or not, the world today is not the same as it was a year ago or eight years ago.

In Central America, the President's plan is to determine how we can deal with, in particular, the situation of the resistance fighters around Nicaragua. Beyond that, however, the question is how we begin to work with the rest of the Central American democracies to move toward the full democratization of Latin America.

Cato: Bush ran as a conservative. Have his priorities been affected by the experience of governing?

Sununu: Not really. The budget, the foreign-policy review, and the defense-strategy review—those have all been laid out as part of a long-term agenda that the President has. We are moving according to that original timetable. You're not going to see people running around trying to patchwork something together just to help some folks fill a couple of columns on the front page of a newspaper.

Cato: Now you are a bona-fide fiscal conservative, one whose appointment constituted a great relief to conservative activists around the country. Do you see yourself living up to their expectations, serving as an ideological check on the pragmatic, centrist inclinations of George Bush?

Sununu: Well, there are a lot of folks that have been chosen for key positions in this Administration who are relatively conservative. Jack Kemp, Bill Bennett, Dick Cheney, Ed Derwinski at Veterans, myself, Vice President Quayle. So there are a lot of folks in this Administration that are seen as being conservative and consistent with George Bush's philosophy.

I don't think George Bush needs an ideological check. It's nice to see a whole host of conservatives in the principal positions in government. They complement rather than check the agenda of the President, which is a very conservative agenda.

Cato: You know what they said about Jim Baker, about Don Regan, about Howard Baker. What do you want them to say about John Sununu?

Sununu: Well, I don't care what they say about John Sununu as long as they say the Bush Presidency, after eight years, was a good Presidency.

Cato: If President Bush is here for eight years, is it your intention to be here for eight years as well?

Sununu: Sure is, if he'll have me.

—CATO

President Reagan's former Chief of Staff Donald T. Regan did not work this way, and his unfavorable press coverage should be viewed in that light. In his book, *For the Record*, Regan wrote: "In the spring of 1985, shortly after the changeover [he and Baker swapped jobs, Regan moving from Treasury to the White House], my executive assistant, Tom Dawson, was invited to lunch at the Biltmore Hotel in Santa Barbara by a group of White House reporters. . . . Among Tom's hosts was David Hoffman of the *Washington Post*. After an interlude of general conversation, Hoffman came to the point in the form of 'advice' to a newcomer: Play ball with us and we'll play ball with you. This proposition did not surprise Tom, a very bright young man who had grown up in Washington, but the example of playing ball that Hoffman gave him did. The *Post* reporter suggested that Tom and the rest of the new members of the White House staff would do well to be treated like Jim Baker, 'who got good press,' and not like Bill Casey, who had generally been the subject of unflattering coverage. The reason? 'Jim Baker talked to us; we liked him; we understood him.' But Casey did not play ball. Consequently . . . 'We went easy on Baker and gave him the benefit of the doubt. But we were tough on Casey.' "

Citing this example from Regan's book, and reflecting on Baker's apparent immunity following the bank-stock story, former Assistant Treasury Secretary Paul Craig Roberts noted Washington's unwritten Law of Success: You can buy protection from the media by leaking to them. "Baker will survive what would have put Meese in prison," Roberts said. Not that he believed that Baker had used his office for personal gain. The incident had inadvertently demonstrated something quite different about Washington—that "the press corrupts public life by making honorable those men who betray confidences."

By all accounts, the information about Baker's bank holdings was leaked by White House Legal Counsel C. Boyden Gray, who is in charge of the White House ethics office

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and, like Baker, from a wealthy background. Gray was forced to resign as chairman of a family company and put his holdings in a blind trust. More recently, Gray told the *New York Times* that the "bipartisan accord" that Baker reached with congressional Democrats (limiting U.S. assistance to the Nicaraguan Contras to non-lethal aid) infringed on presidential powers. So within two months of arriving at the State Department, Baker was walking about with two knives in him, one in front and one in back, both apparently inserted by Gray, who like Baker is a close personal friend of President Bush. What did Bush think of this upper-crust feud, as it was called?

"Some of Mr. Bush's friends say he is not peeved at all and may actually be somewhat pleased," according to an account by Bernard Weinraub in the *New York Times*. "Friends of Mr. Bush say he was not especially pleased when it was disclosed in the transition that Mr. Baker sought to be a virtual deputy president by having Craig Fuller, a close friend, named as White House Chief of Staff."

How did Baker react? Here is Phil McCombs, in an amusing profile of Boyden Gray in the *Washington Post* Style section: " 'Baker will kill him for it,' says a Republican observer. 'Baker likes to toy with people like that. He will, over time, destroy his credibility.' Asked if he's mad at Gray, Baker smiles blandly and says, 'No, he's doing his job—as he sees it.' " But Baker was said to be "wild" with rage at Gray.

WHAT IS SURPRISING is that, over the years, Baker has managed to sustain a reputation for political brilliance. His first foray into politics came in 1970, when his friend George Bush prevailed on him to work on his (eventually unsuccessful) Senate campaign against Lloyd Bentsen. Then came a stint in the Commerce Department, before Baker went on to manage President Ford's losing campaign against Jimmy Carter in 1976. Two years later Baker ran for Attorney General of Texas—no luck there. Thereupon Bush made him campaign chairman for his 1980 run for the Republican nomination. As Fred Barnes pointed out in his *New Republic* profile of Baker, "Washington's Most Overrated Man," Baker's amazing miscalculation in the 1980 race was not that he announced Bush's withdrawal over the objection of the candidate himself, but that Baker did so believing that John Connally, not Reagan, was Bush's chief rival. Baker's first winning campaign came in 1984—Reagan's re-election.

Before the Republican convention in New Orleans last year a senior Reagan appointee had breakfast with Baker to discuss strategy. He told Baker that the Republicans had the great advantage of believing in the distinction between right and wrong. Baker replied that the campaign would not be about "values" but about "peace and prosperity." The Pledge of Allegiance issue arose only fortuitously for the Republicans, after Mike Dukakis had unwisely reiterated his no-win position on it. As late as September 25 Baker said on a Sunday TV show that Bush's issues were "drugs, child care, environment, ethics, energy." The senior Reagan appointee thought that Baker was "glib, impressive in manner, but wrong, wrong, wrong,"

Baker's media pals once again gave him "high marks" for his performance as Treasury Secretary, but it is not clear that he did anything to deserve the applause. On the contrary, it is possible that statements by Baker over the weekend of October 17, 1987, triggered the subsequent stock-market crash. "Baker reiterated that the U.S. may let the dollar fall unless Bonn eases credit," the *Wall Street Journal* reported on page one of its October 19 issue (the day of the crash). Baker thereby alerted foreign investors that their earnings were imminently threatened by unfavorable exchange-rate changes.

Obedient as usual to the conventional wisdom, Baker engineered the devaluation of the dollar and was rewarded with the expected hosannas—for no very good reason. The cheaper dollar was supposed to correct the trade deficit, but it did not; and the trade bill it was supposed to avert was enacted anyway. Any Treasury Secretary who uncritically accepts the idea that a nation's economy can be improved by devaluing its currency should be suspected of gullibility. A year ago, the Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman said he thought that Baker, unlike his predecessor, Don Regan, could not "keep his hands off the dials," and that the results had been "a disaster."

Now Baker has taken over at State, and once again it may be expected that he will adhere to the conventional. Capitol Hill aides who watched Baker in action at the time of his confirmation hearing were impressed, in the first place, by the amount of time that he spent diligently soliciting the views of all the senators on the Foreign Relations Committee (more than two hours in some cases). Baker was accompanied only by a note-taking assistant, not by State Department specialists. Baker contrasted sharply with his predecessor, George Shultz, who "was contemptuous of senators of all persuasions," according to one aide. Somehow Baker managed to establish a rapport with all the senators and was confirmed unanimously.

According to one report, Baker made a "tremendous hit" with Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts, seeming to agree "with everything he wanted." But, then, Senator Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire wasn't displeased either, establishing that the Afghanistan resistance would continue to receive support after Soviet withdrawal, and that "national reconciliation" in Angola (the establishment of which would signal the cutoff of aid to the UNITA freedom-fighters) would require the assent of Jonas Savimbi.

The second point that impressed aides was Baker's lack of any real commitment to a substantive position on whatever issue was under discussion. He was interested only in the political implications of alternative policies, without regard to their rightness or wrongness. The resolution of policy issues he saw "purely as a Beltway operation," according to one aide; that is, finding positions that enjoy the support of a majority on Capitol Hill.

This could, of course, be a formula for permitting the Democrats to determine the direction of foreign policy. The "bipartisan accord" on the Contras suggested such an approach. On the day after it was announced, a "senior White House official" told the *Washington Post* that "the only way to put together a successful policy was to agree with the Hill." As long as the Republicans are willing to agree with the Democrats, "bipartisan accords" can be reached on every issue under the sun. Baker will of course be awfully tempted to pursue policies of capitulation dressed up as bipartisan "success." To him that is practically the definition of politics. □

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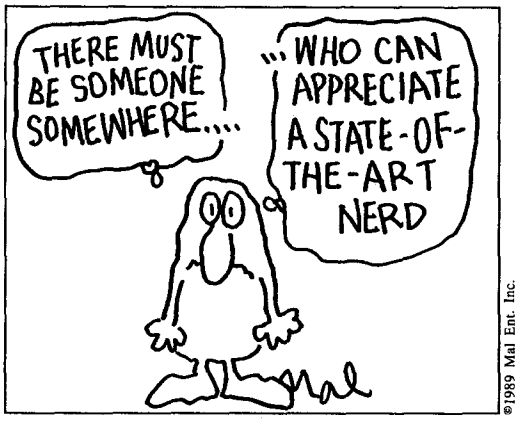
help !!!!

"After careful thought, we Democrats feel, Mr. Speaker, you're not dignifying the office."

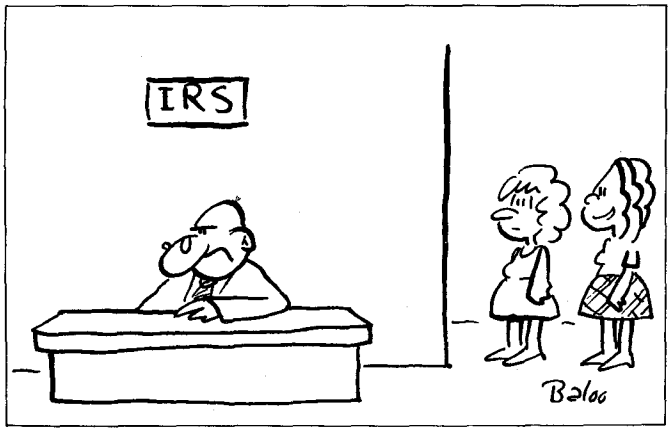


Top Court Dumps on NYC

New York, whose enormous mouth
Used to castigate the South
Over voting laws that left
Tender Gothamites bereft,
Finally got laid out flat,
Pleasuring Aunt Pittypat.

W. H. von Dreele

"No, son, I can't get you off. I'd advise you to plea-bargain with your mother."



"Don't worry—he'll feel better after he's audited somebody."

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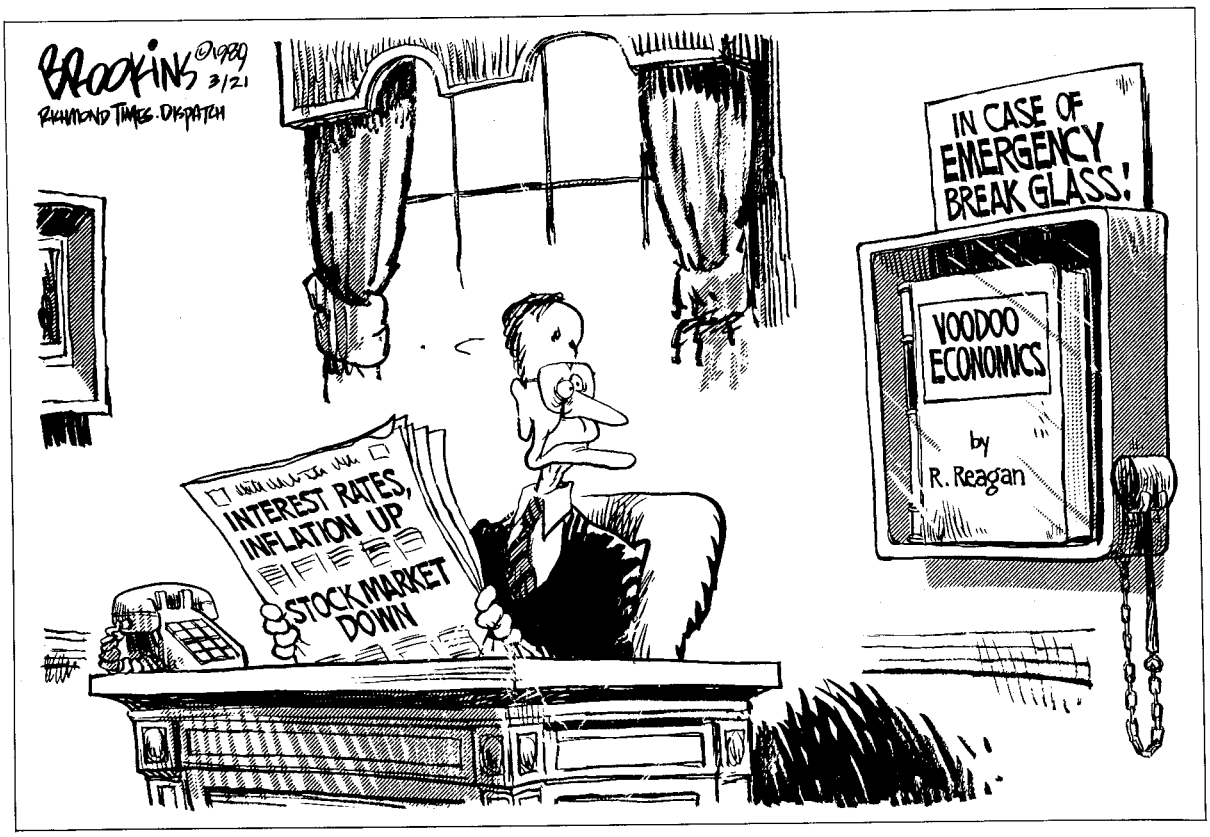

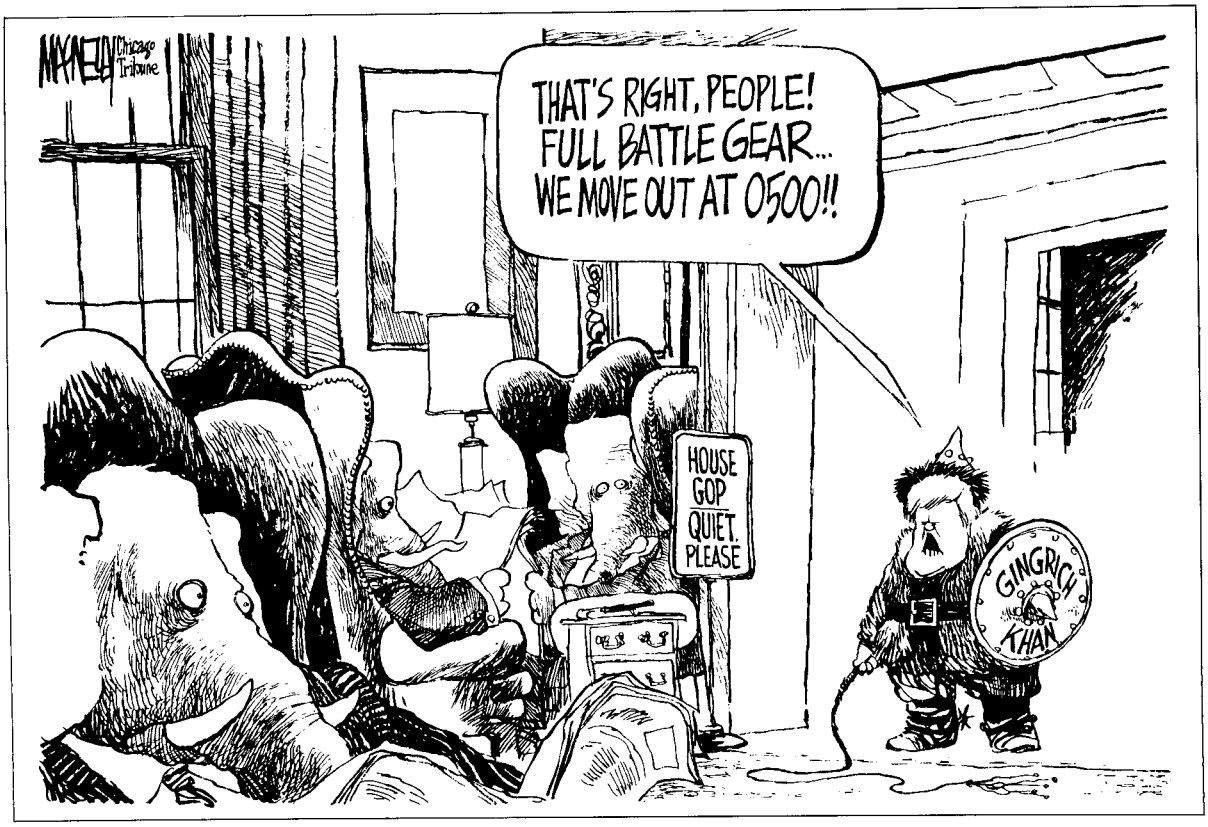

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PRIVATE ART IN PUBLIC PLACES

After years of fighting in the courts and in the media, a creation in rusted steel, called Tilted Arc, *has finally been carted away. The artistic elite is outraged; the vox populi breathes a sigh of relief.*

ARC WITHOUT COVENANT

JOHN SIMON

ABOUT 95 PER CENT of the artists who are hailed by critics, extolled by gallery owners, enshrined by museum curators, and blindly swallowed by the public are proved hacks by history. Competent, often even clever hacks, but hacks nonetheless. If you walk through any leading museum in the world today, you will see perhaps 3 to 5 per cent of the artists who were considered preeminent even as recently as a century ago. And how many of *those* are indispensable? I am not talking, of course, about special exhibitions of works by great artists, where the number of important and desirable works is much higher, though probably not so high as museum directors and other interested parties would have us believe.

"What is art?" is a question that has occupied a small but choice portion of humanity since long before Tolstoi published a rather philistine book by that title. But unlike many another endlessly debated subject, this one is worthy of continuous probing. For once it stops being debated, art will either become a monolithic, officially regimented mediocrity or cease to exist altogether—neither prospect particularly cheery. And a small but not insignificant part of the great debate has focused in recent years on Richard Serra's sculpture *Tilted Arc*. Commissioned by the General Services Administration for lower Manhattan's Federal Plaza in 1979, it was installed in 1981 and, after immediate virulent public protest and lengthy litigation, removed in this year of grace. It raises both contemporary and sempiternal questions worth adverting to.

The history of art begins with Anonymous and ends with *Untitled*. In other words, it begins with the work of art all-important and the identity of the artist inconsequential; and it ends with the name of the artist trumpeted about and the work of art negligible. In still other words, art begins with the emphasis on making beautiful, significant, lasting things, and is ending now with the artifact insignificant, and the ego, hype, and celebrity (or notoriety) of the artist paramount. It means that the artist, once anonymous, selfless, and concerned only with making something beautiful to the greater glory of God, man, or art, has become a huckster, hustler, hypocrite peddling any old —or, rather, any new—concoction to the greater glory of his trendy self. It's a damned sad state of affairs, and the truism that a society gets the art it deserves is no consolation; give a society such as ours the art it deserves and who—artist or art consumer—should, in Hamlet's words, 'scape whipping?

Richard Serra's meaningless piece of self-aggrandizement, *Tilted Arc*, is (was?), as described by the *Washington Post* (Sept. 19, 1987), "a 12-foot-high, 120-foot-long, slightly curving wall of rusting pitted steel." It had the same dimensions in *Time* magazine (March 14, 1988); but in the less impressionable—or less consistent—*New York Times* it was sometimes only 112 feet long (July 16, 1987, Dec. 16, 1987), though at other times (March 11, 12, and 16, 1989) likewise 120. Perhaps that rampant object grew in the last couple of years, but what's eight feet more or less except to an octopus? At either length, the rusty wall that until recently bisected Federal Plaza in front of the Jacob K. Javits building impeded free pedestrian traffic in a busy area, obstructed the happily roving gaze, and put a barrier between people who might have used this space for communal eating, listening to outdoor concerts, or just wordlessly communicating with one another. Why add to the claustrophobia of the city by depriving it of a rare and much-needed oasis of open space?

TILTED ARC was (is?) so ugly that it repelled even the ubiquitous and tireless graffitists of New York, whose aim in life is to deface anything that is defaceable, from subway cars to works of art. It may be that rusting pitted steel is not a hospitable medium for the graffito painter, but that is underestimating the ingenuity and perseverance of these street artists, which often surpass those of recognized sculptors. Or it may be that such graffiti as cropped up were promptly removed by the building maintenance staff; but that seems like an overoptimistic view of what maintenance cares, or can afford, to do. Most likely the object lacked some appetizing quality such as cleanness, sleekness, loveliness that the graffitist's vandalism prefers to feast on. Still, *Tilted Arc* was pre-desecrated by its own unappetizingness.

Serra's four-year-long effort in the courts to maintain this eyesore in the public eye invoked the First and Fifth Amendments and centered on two arguments: the artist's "moral right" to keep his work untampered with in any way offensive to him, and the "site specific" nature of *Tilted Arc*, i.e., the alleged way in which it fits into a

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particular space and nowhere else. This in the teeth of countless protests starting almost immediately after the work went up—a work on which the General Services Administration had spent $175,000 of taxpayers' money!

The "moral right" issue is a thorny one, especially in the United States, which until very recently refused to sign acts of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, and in which divergent state laws—or, more often, no laws—govern the fate of artistic works after they leave their creators' hands. Serra and his lawyers in a $30-million suit contended at various times that the GSA was treating *Tilted Arc*—which it proposed to move carefully to some other location—as if it were "a desk in someone's office" (Gustave Harrow, one of Serra's lawyers) or "a paperclip" (Serra himself). Granted, *Tilted Arc* is no 120-foot desk or 112-foot paperclip (that would require the no-less-formidable talent of a Claes Oldenburg), but, a nagging doubt remains, is it art?

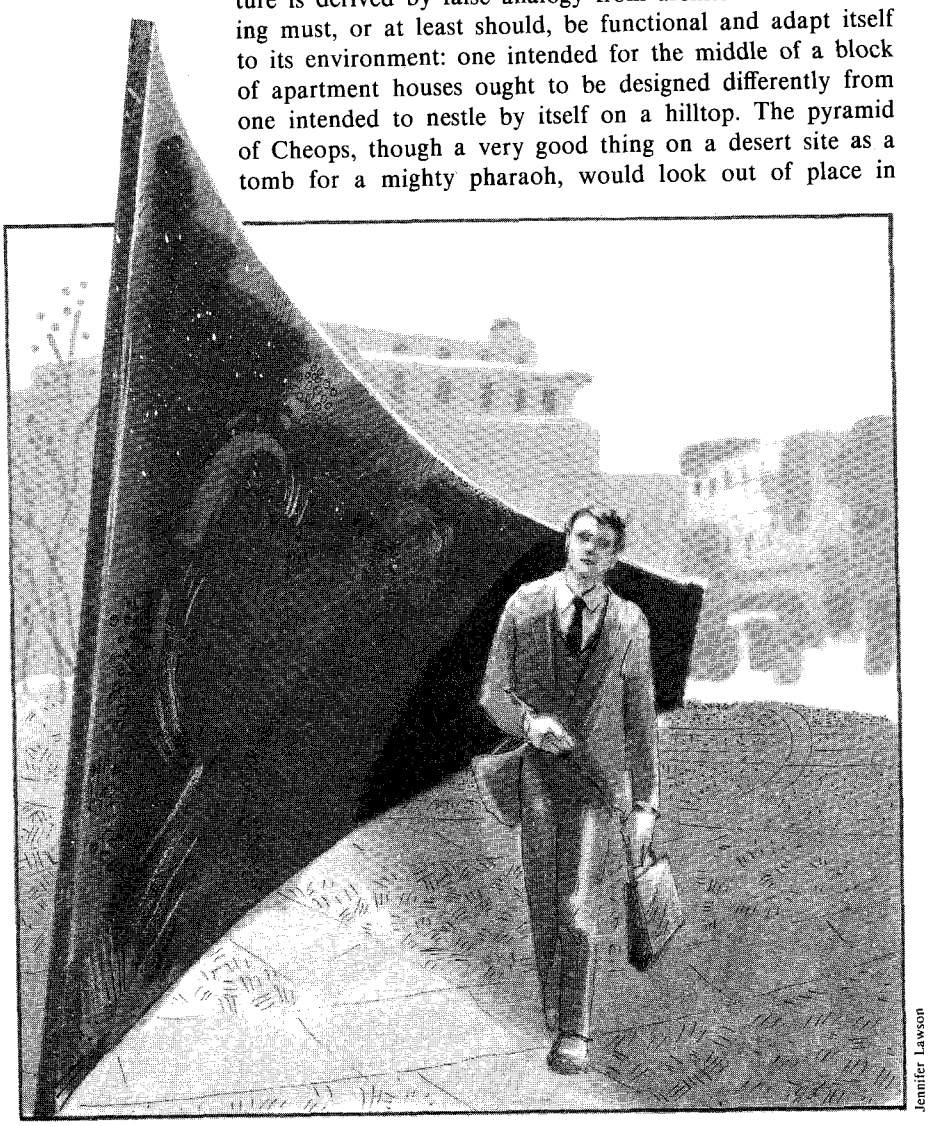
On the one side are the 1,300 outraged employees at Federal Plaza who promptly signed a petition declaring the work ugly and the plaza rendered useless by it; also the 4,500 complaints from citizens at the three-day public hearing that found against the sculpture, as well as Judge Milton Pollack of the Federal District Court, who ruled that Serra "has alleged extremely abstract violations of constitutional rights," something that would seem like sufficient grounds only to an extremely abstract artist.

On the other side, besides Serra and his lawyers, was a committee appointed by the General Services Administration in 1986 to advise it in this matter. The committee met, less than expeditiously, in December 1987 and inspected *Tilted Arc* under Serra's guidance on a day of cold, driving rain. It may be that such weather helped Serra's cause: viewed from the leeward side, the *Arc* might at least serve as a shelter from the elements. The seven members of the committee also regarded the sculpture from a second-floor vantage point (again under Serra's guidance—why wasn't some member of the opposition present?) and concluded that the work is indeed site specific and that its removal would destroy its artistic value.

Who exactly were the seven members of that committee? Only four appear to have been identified, and I am not convinced of their ecumenism: the artist Robert Ryman (a bird of like plumage), the architect James Ingo Freed (whose work I regrettably don't know), a Los Angeles city councilman (seen from Los Angeles, the *Arc*, even if it were 120 New York miles long, would be no problem), and Theodore Kheel, the committee chairman, known as a labor-dispute arbitrator, but not an arbiter of taste or art. I daresay none of the three other committee members was a traditionalist sculptor or conservative critic, if such a one can still be found.

NOW FOR THAT BUSINESS of being site specific, a fairly barbarous neologism of dubious provenance. It strikes me that other than a monument to a dead hero-fireman, which belongs in front of his fire station, or one to a great educator, which belongs in front of the ministry of education (if the country is enlightened enough to have one), no sculpture is site specific, or else every sculpture can be declared that. Rodin's *Balzac* looks great on its particular Paris boulevard, but looks just as good in the museums that have casts of it. It can be argued that Lord Elgin had no right to abscond with those marbles wrenched from the Parthenon, but not that they don't look as splendid at the British Museum. If a given sculpture works only in a certain location—because, in other words, it sops up something crucial from its surroundings—doesn't that diminish it as a work of art? But yes, if Christo wraps a bridge or a harbor in paper, and some misguided souls mistake that for art, even they would not esteem the wrapping paper, once it is removed, a work of art. Is *Tilted Arc*, then, made of wrapping paper?

It seems to me that the notion of a site-specific sculpture is derived by false analogy from architecture. A building must, or at least should, be functional and adapt itself to its environment: one intended for the middle of a block of apartment houses ought to be designed differently from one intended to nestle by itself on a hilltop. The pyramid of Cheops, though a very good thing on a desert site as a tomb for a mighty pharaoh, would look out of place in



Jennifer Lawson

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The person who seeks out a work of art, however questionable, in a museum, gallery, or private collection has every right to do so. But innocent multitudes who have a horror thrust upon them in a public place may rightfully refuse to put up with it.

Times Square as a movie theater or office building. But the great Egyptian statue of the Seated Scribe from the Louvre would look equally fine in the plaza in front of a megalopolitan newspaper tower or anywhere else in the world as a monument to writers.

Why, in any case, is a tilted arc more appropriate to one place than to another? I have looked at this object many times (though not in the rain) trying to discover any way in which its shape might be related to its surroundings, but, not having had the benefit of Mr. Serra's presence to guide me and my thinking, could find none. It was, however, a typical Serra work, as anybody could have ascertained from, say, a recent Serra show at the Museum of Modern Art. The one characteristic, other than ugliness, that all the works shared was their monstrous size; more specifically (though not site specifically) the rapacity with which they grabbed the greatest possible space for themselves: you could have fitted the high points of Michelangelo's entire career into the rooms required by a few recent Serras. If *Tilted Arc* and other Serra works make a statement, it is this: "Behold how much of your *Lebensraum* I can arrogate to myself! How great and important I am! How puny compared to me are you!"

SOMETHING TRUER than the "site specific" argument emerges from the plea Serra made (as reported in the *Times*) that "his reputation and career have been harmed by efforts to remove his sculpture." Why would anyone's reputation and career depend on whether one particular work proved inappropriate to a certain spot? What does it mean that Serra threatened to sue Clemson University or C. W. Post University—two institutions interested in obtaining the work and deemed suitable by the GSA—if they received it? What does it mean that, as I recall reading at the time, Serra threatened to leave the country forever if *Tilted Arc* were moved to another spot (a promise that, I fear, no one will hold him to)?

It all adds up to megalomania and lust for celebrity. Serra's reputation depends on publicity and, clearly, far fewer people would see—and carry on about—*Tilted Arc* if it were relocated to a North Carolina or even a Long Island campus. No, he wants to impose his encroaching artifact on the site where it will call the greatest attention to itself and to him, regardless of whether that attention is admiring or hostile. An equally megalomaniacal Serra work, *Twain*, consisting of eight (not two, as you might hope from the title) steel slabs, encloses a landscaped block in St. Louis. No doubt Serra dreams of enclosing entire cities in slabs of steel, tilted or otherwise, to indulge his delusions of grandeur. I am confident that if by some miracle of engineering *Tilted Arc* could be suspended from the tip of the Empire State Building—and if the spot were offered him—he would forget all about site specificity and graciously accept the offer.

The Art in Architecture Program allocates 0.05 per cent of the Federal Government's annual construction budget to the beautification of government buildings. That's the figure as reported in the *Washington Post*; *Time* (March 14, 1988) gave it as 0.5 per cent. Needless to say, I believe the lower figure. In either case, though, the money is not meant for uglification, which, if you ask me, is all you can get from Serra, regardless of what the chorus of today's incestuous art experts may warble to the contrary. It is a wretched age that perceives Serra, and countless others equally vacuous and untalented, as having anything to do with any art other than that of self-promotion. Thank goodness for the *vox populi*, which, unacquainted with current art criticism, has the honesty and courage to pronounce ugliness offensive. If the artist has moral rights, let them be exercised where they do not clash with the moral and aesthetic rights of the rest of the population. The person who seeks out a work of art, however questionable, in a museum, gallery, or private collection has every right to do so. But innocent multitudes who have a horror thrust upon them in a public place near their homes or offices may rightfully refuse to put up with it.

Later generations, of course, may have different tastes and should be entitled to outdoor Serras or post-Serras if that is what they want. The good news is that the Art in Architecture Program has amended its guidelines to include consultation with the communities before their moneys are spent on things that turn their stomachs whenever they're compelled to see them.

The relocation order for the Serra sculpture having been upheld by the U.S. District Court of Appeals, and a last-ditch stand based on the recent signing by the United States of the Berne Convention document having failed too, the General Services Administration has moved the *Arc*—in the three parts in which it was cast, and without inflicting damage on them—to a motor-vehicle compound in Brooklyn. Only minuscule damage was inflicted on the English language by William J. Diamond, the regional administrator of the GSA, when he said he could understand Serra's "poignant feelings." (Words or actions can be poignant, feelings cannot.) But Serra insists that "to remove the piece is to destroy the piece," and announces rather unpoignantly that "if they ever use the name *Tilted Arc* or my name in connection with those three steel plates, I'll sue them." I suggest that the piece, or pieces, be re-erected on one of our more prominent garbage dumps and outfitted with a plaque reading: "*Untitled*, by Anonymous." Thus art will have, rather than merely describing an arc, come full circle. □

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It isn't only the West Germans who are dragging their feet on strategic modernization. Our own Congress has spun the debate out for a decade and more. But as MX and Midgetman fight it out, the whole terms of the discussion have been changed by an SDI breakthrough: 'brilliant pebbles.'

A DETERRENT THAT DETERS

MIDGETMAN & CO.

DAMIAN HOUSMAN

IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, President Bush must decide how to proceed with the modernization of our ICBM force. The dilemma, often complicated by the appearance of newly viable (and some not so viable) alternatives and concurrent factional fights, reaches back to the Carter Administration. The main issues are "survivability" (how invulnerable a missile is to increasingly accurate Soviet warheads) and mission (what the missile's actual role is within our land, air, and sea strategic triad).

As part of the 1981 defense build-up, President Reagan announced plans to build one hundred MX missiles, placing the first forty in existing Minuteman silos pending selection of a survivable basing mode. He rejected out of hand Carter's multiple-protected-shelter (MPS) plan, which would have played a "shell game" with the Soviets, shuttling two hundred MX missiles amongst 4,600 hardened shelters in the Utah and Nevada deserts. There were three main reasons for that rejection: Senators Hatch (R., Utah), Garn (R., Utah), and Laxalt (R., Nev.), all good, conservative friends of Reagan worried about the reaction of their constituents. But MPS was not a perfect solution anyway, since it depended on the Soviets' living up to their treaty obligations and not "fractionating" their heavy ICBMs—packing as many as thirty or forty warheads into an SS-18 (currently a ten-warhead missile) to overwhelm the shell game.

With the clock ticking, Reagan finally put forward the closely-spaced-basing, or Densepack, plan: all one hundred missiles would be placed in hardened silos within a small area, relying on "fratricide": if a number of warheads are aimed at targets within a tight area, the accuracy of the later ones will be greatly diminished by the blast, radiation, and debris caused by the detonations of the first warheads. Congress was unimpressed, and the plan was withdrawn.

Reagan then passed the ball to the Scowcroft Commission (named for its chairman, Brent Scowcroft, a retired Air Force general, now Bush's National Security Advisor), which recommended a short-term solution of deploying one hundred MX missiles in existing Minuteman silos. For the long term, it recommended developing and deploying a small, mobile, single-warhead missile, to replace the Minuteman in the mid 1990s: Midgetman.

Midgetman proved popular with Congress, in part perhaps as another case of the liberal tendency always to favor the "better" system down the road, and thus justify killing a system actually in production—in this case the MX. For this and other reasons, the Air Force has been against Midgetman from the start.

Congress has had even more input on its design than usual, specifying the weight of the missile (thirty thousand pounds), its basing mode (road-mobile), and the number of warheads (one). These specifications, and the perception that Congress's overriding considerations are political rather than military, has caused some to dub the Midgetman "Congressman."

WHETHER DESPITE or because of Congress, Midgetman has become a very expensive missile. The transporter-launcher that will carry the missile is to withstand the blast pressures of nuclear attack (up to thirty pounds per square inch) but, big as it is, must also travel as fast as sixty miles per hour for short distances. The Air Force points out that such a transporter could carry a much larger missile (would you believe MX?), and has proposed two- and three-warhead versions.

The guidance system is a similar story. The Air Force wants Midgetman to be as accurate as possible, and has specified versions of the same warhead and guidance systems used by the big MX. Some critics argue for a less accurate, and therefore cheaper, alternative. But here we run into the question of the missile's mission. Is Midgetman intended as a hard-target-capable weapon, one that can effectively threaten the Soviets' hardened targets? If not, why build it at all? The United States already has thousands of mobile, highly survivable, soft-target strategic

Mr. Housman is a Washington-based aerospace and defense writer. Electric Jet: The Story of the F-16 Fighting Falcon, *is due next January from London's Arms and Armour Press.*

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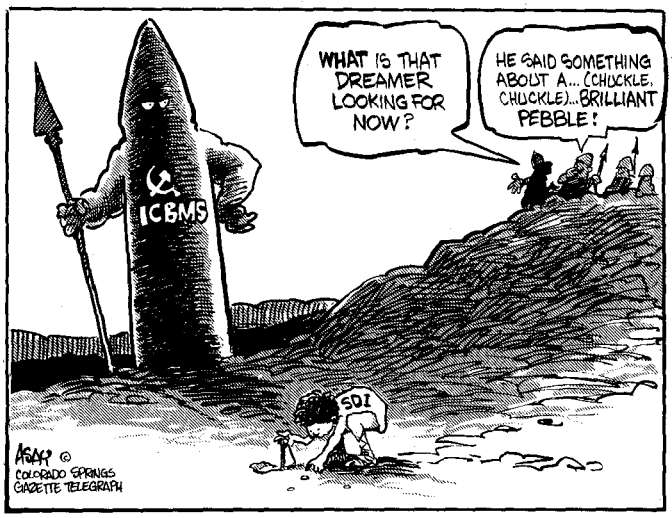
warheads, based on submarines. Additional soft-target warheads based on land add nothing to our capabilities. What we need is an ICBM that is both hard-target-capable and survivable.

All mobile-missile options face certain problems. First, as the Greenham Common experience in England shows, it is quite easy for civilians, and thus hostile agents, to monitor missile movement, and perhaps even sabotage the missile itself. During peacetime, therefore, any system will probably be restricted to traveling on government lands. Second, real-time satellite targeting continues to improve, constantly reducing the uncertainty that mobility is supposed to provide. Given these limits, mobility alone cannot be a long-term solution to the vulnerability problem.

That solution is SDI. With a strategic defense in place, long-term survivability is drastically increased without the need to complicate missile design, and therefore add to the cost. Coupling SDI and ICBM modernization is the sort of comprehensive approach to strategic matters that this country rarely exhibits, however, and the political situation at present is not encouraging: Brent Scowcroft is not considered a friend of SDI, and the Tower fiasco has almost certainly lessened the role of the Pentagon in the decision. The Bush Administration has relatively few options if it wants to avoid a bruising fight to deploy SDI.

The politically safe answer may be contained in a January report from the Discussion Group on Strategic Policy, whose members include Sam Nunn, John Warner (R., Va.), and William Cohen (R., Me.) from the Senate Armed Services Committee, along with House Armed Services Chairman Les Aspin (D., Wis.), former Defense Secretary Harold Brown, and others, under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins Foreign Policy Institute and the Center for Strategic and International Studies. The highly respected group concluded that rail-garrison MX (an Air Force proposal to shuttle the missiles on railroad tracks) would be better than silo basing of the same missile; it is also the cheapest option. Road-mobile Midgetman would be survivable and effective, but very expensive. A third option, called "carry-hard," has projected costs ranging from $19 billion for a Minuteman version to $24 billion for an MX version, and up to $40 billion for a Midgetman version.

Carry-hard would shuttle missiles among a large number of silos, similar to the MPS plan. However, hardness resides in the missile's canister, which travels with it, rather than the silo, and each canister carries its own launch equipment, two cost savings over the Carter plan. And hardened canisters allow much closer placement of the silos, requiring a fraction of the four thousand square miles of public land required for MPS.


WHAT IS THAT DREAMER LOOKING FOR NOW?
HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A... (CHUCKLE, CHUCKLE)... BRILLIANT PEBBLE!
ICBMS
SDI
ARAH ©
COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

Should President Bush choose to deploy the two-warhead, carry-hard version of Midgetman, he will probably have arrived at a cost-effective and survivable alternative. We should also proceed with rail-mobile MX, to take advantage of a proven system already in production. Mr. Bush must, however, insist on deployment of a strong strategic-defense system to guarantee the long-term survivability of any modernized ICBM force. Without SDI, we might only be buying a little time. □

DEFENSE CUBED

JAMES J. FRELK

TEN YEARS AGO Harold Brown, then Secretary of Defense, estimated that the Soviet nuclear arsenal could destroy 95 per cent of our ICBMs, and the situation has worsened since then. These developments have made our strategic planners quite nervous. Current plans call for meeting this threat with mobile ICBMs, new submarine-launched missiles, and the B-2 stealth bomber. All this is expected to cost some $300 billion over the next ten years. And yet it is mostly money down the drain, unless we find a way to protect the Achilles' heel of the American nuclear deterrent—the command, control, and communication network for our nuclear forces.

This network, known as "C-cubed," is the nerve center of the U.S. strategic force. If the United States is attacked by missiles, the C-cubed network provides the President with crucial information: Where is the attack coming from? Headed toward which targets? Accidental launch or massive attack? All the information flows up to the President through the C-cubed network. After he decides on a response, the orders flow down the chain of command through the network again, to the commanders in the field.

Break the chain, and the forces poised for retaliation are paralyzed. The weapons are in place; the field commanders are ready; but they never receive the order to fire.

The kicker is that the C-cubed network depends on only a few hundred sites—command posts, launch-control centers, satellite receiving stations, AT&T switching centers, and the like. Many of these are quite soft—i.e., easily destroyed by accurate warheads, of which the Soviets have at least six thousand. The main control station for our vital Early Warning satellites, for example, is a conspicuous blue building a few miles from the Pacific coast in California, called the Blue Cube [see "SDI Watch," *NR*, Feb. 10]. The Blue Cube is only minutes away from destruction by missiles launched from offshore Soviet submarines.

Mr. Frelk, a former national-security-affairs analyst for the Republican Study Committee, is executive director of the George C. Marshall Institute.

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Why would the Soviets bother to go after thousands of elusive targets like mobile ICBMs and submarines when destroying a handful of critical sites of the C-cubed network would emasculate our nuclear forces just as effectively? Defense planners in the Reagan Administration spent nearly $20 billion trying to remedy the situation, but experts say the network still has no chance of surviving an all-out attack.

What can be done? Progress on SDI technologies suggests an answer: *defend* the C-cubed against Soviet missiles. Use simple, heat-seeking weapons similar to the Stinger and the Sidewinder, but packed with computing power and upgraded in speed, so they can intercept fast-moving Soviet missiles and warheads. No "Star Wars" lasers are involved—only small slugs of metal with "eyes" and a computer "brain," designed to kill by impact. They are called "smart rocks" or, in their latest, miniaturized version, "brilliant pebbles."

The system being developed by the Department of Defense has the smart rocks deployed in two layers. One layer is in space, on satellites orbiting over the Soviet Union. The other layer is on the ground, mostly on U.S. territory. In the event of a Soviet missile attack, the smart rocks orbiting in space would hit the Soviet ICBMs over the USSR itself, just after they had been launched, breaking up the timing of the attack so the Soviets could not overwhelm our ground-based defenses. The smart rocks on the ground would mop up warheads that leaked through the space defense, with particular concentration on protecting high-value sites like the Blue Cube.

Smart rocks would protect the C-cubed network, *and* the silo-based missiles that have everyone worried, against Soviet attack. In addition, they would protect the U.S.—and our allies—against missile attacks by terrorist nations. We would get triple value out of this investment.

SMART ROCKS have been the weapons of choice in missile defense because they can be deployed in the 1990s, while the exotic lasers and particle beams are farther off. But there have been some catches. One was cost. Smart rocks are not cheap; the bill for SDS-1, the defense being tested by the Defense Department, has been estimated at $69 billion. That is more than the cost of the new Air Force fighter ($45 billion), and equal to the cost of the B-2 Stealth bomber ($69 billion).

Smart rocks in space are expensive because the cost of lifting weights into orbit currently runs about $5,000 a pound. These "rocks" should have been called boulders, because they weigh about five hundred pounds apiece. That means more than a million dollars each just to put them into orbit, not counting the cost of manufacture.

Survivability has been another big problem. The smart rocks in space were supposed to be parked in satellite "garages," with ten rocks in each garage. These satellite garages make tempting targets for Soviet ASATs, or satellite-killers.

Moreover, the smart rocks have tunnel vision: a smart rock has an "eye" for tracking ICBMs—but the eye can only see a tiny part of the sky at one time. In fact, it might miss a Soviet ICBM launch altogether, unless some other eyes, larger and more capable, first told it the general direction in which to look. These big eyes have to be located on the garage or some other satellite. Wherever the big eyes are, they also make a very tempting target for Soviet ASATs, because if they are destroyed, all the smart rocks are useless.

Now enter several bright and knowledgeable physicists—Gregory Canavan of Los Alamos and Lowell Wood of Livermore come to mind; doubtless more have contributed—who propose to slash the cost of smart rocks and improve their survivability by two dramatic developments.

The first is to use the greatest strength of U.S. technology—the microminiaturized computer—to pack so much electronic brainpower into a slug of metal that what used to be called the "smart rock" now becomes the "brilliant pebble."

The second is to replace the cumbersome infrared "eyes" used in existing smart rocks by a miniaturized electronic camera (similar to the compact TV cameras available at K Mart for a few hundred dollars), with a super-wide-angle, fisheye lens that sees a very large part of the sky at one time. This accomplishes two things. First, the miniaturized TV camera reduces the weight of the brilliant pebble yet further, significantly cutting launch costs. Second, the fisheye lens removes the dependence of the smart rock on other satellites. The brilliant pebble no longer has tunnel vision, so it operates entirely on its own.

In fact, the brilliant pebbles don't even need to be parked in a satellite garage; they can fly freely in space, each in its own orbit, separate from its brothers. The defense becomes a swarm of little satellites—they have been likened to killer bees—ready to go into action on any sign of a missile attack against the U.S. or its allies.

THAT GOES a long way toward completely solving the survivability problem. Thousands of tiny satellites, orbiting separately, must be attacked separately, one by one, to open a hole in our defense for an attack. The task for the attacker becomes herculean, especially since the hole he opens is quickly filled by the orbiting motions of the remaining brilliant pebbles.

There is more. The latest electronic miracles pack the power of a supercomputer into a few ounces of silicon, running off the equivalent of two or three flashlight batteries. The brilliant pebble uses that computing power to make its own calculations on its position, figure out its quarry's position, and compute how to track the quarry and run it down. And it has the positions of the constellations memorized, so that it can navigate by the stars and figure out its orientation in space—all necessary for complete independence from its fellow satellites.

Finally, an added bonus: because the pebbles have so much brainpower, each one can figure out what the others participating in the engagement must be doing; there is no need for one pebble to talk with another. As a result, the software required for battle management falls from millions of lines of code to a few hundred thousand lines—relatively speaking, a snap.

The result is an enormous reduction in the cost of the space defense, and a reduction in the cost of the whole system—space plus ground—from $69 billion to $50 billion. For roughly the cost of a new Air Force fighter, the U.S. gets a defense that protects the entire Free World from the specter of a nuclear attack. □

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Affirmative action is presented as a heroic attempt to atone for past racial sins. Like most such heroism, it has its victims: white and Asian students; independent-minded scholars; and the minority students who are its supposed beneficiaries.

RACE, SCHOLARSHIP, AND AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

CAMPUS RACISM

WALTER E. WILLIAMS

THE DECADE of the 1980s has seen a rise in racial incidents on America's campuses. At Smith College, "NIGGERS, SPICS, AND CHINKS QUIT COMPLAINING OR GET OUT" was painted on a campus building. In a UC Berkeley building, "NIPS GO HOME" was scrawled on the wall. The University of Michigan's Ann Arbor campus radio station featured ethnic jokes aimed at blacks. *The Dartmouth Review*, an independent conservative student newspaper, published an article satirizing black language titled, "Dis Sho' Ain't No Jive, Bro." A leaflet opposing Holocaust studies and a swastika painted on a wall were found at Stanford University. At Philadelphia's Temple University, a White Student's Union was formed. Since 1986, the National Institute against Prejudice and Violence has documented racial incidents on 160 college campuses, including some of the nation's most prestigious. In addition, more and more colleges are becoming the focal point of membership recruitment by the White Aryan Resistance, Skinheads, and the Ku Klux Klan.

Racial incidents have not been a one-sided coin. A black full professor at Dartmouth College frequently uses the term "honky" in his classroom in reference to whites. A black student at Vassar College hurled anti-Semitic insults at a Jewish student which included "dirty Jew," "stupid Jews," and "f------ Jew." At the University of Pennsylvania campus, three black non-students crushed the skull of an Oriental student. On the campuses of Drexel University and the University of Pennsylvania, black non-students have been alleged to systematically seek out white students to extort and rob.

Professor Williams is John M. Olin Distinguished Professor of Economics at George Mason University. His latest book, due from Praeger this summer, is South Africa's War against Capitalism.

Civil-rights advocates, affirmative-action officials, and politicians see the increase in campus racial incidents as the result of an "atmosphere" created by the Reagan Administration. Their reasoning is that by its attacks on affirmative action, the Administration created a perception of a tolerance for racism. To counteract this "atmosphere," there have been calls for more affirmative-action recruitment programs, mandated Black Studies classes as part of the college curriculum, more "cultural diversity," and more resources devoted to race relations.

Here we might explore the opposite line of causation and ask instead, what role has current campus racial policy played in the build-up of resentment and bitterness, and the consequent rise in campus racial incidents?

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION in recruitment makes the assumption, implicit or explicit, that a pool of black academic talent exists and that the paucity of blacks enrolled in the nation's colleges, medical schools, and law schools is a result of racial discrimination in admissions. Whether colleges currently engage in discriminatory policies against blacks is a matter for speculation; however, the question of just how large is the pool of black academic talent that meets standard college admissions criteria is not.

Black students score well below the national average on every measure of academic achievement. In 1983, fewer than 4,200 black college-bound high-school graduates, out of 75,400, had grade-point averages of 3.75 (B+) or better, compared to 7,858 out of 36,048 Asians, and 115,722 out of 701,345 whites. That means that 5.5 per cent of black college-bound seniors earned B+ averages, compared to nearly 22 per cent for Asians and 16.5 per cent for whites.

Standard Achievement Test (SAT) scores tell an even more dismal story about college preparation. In 1983, across the nation, 66 out of 71,137 black college-bound seniors (less than a tenth of 1 per cent) achieved 699, out of a possible 800, on the verbal portion of the SAT, and fewer than a thousand achieved scores of 600 or higher. On the mathematics portion of the SAT, 205 blacks had scores over 699 and fewer than 1,700 achieved scores of 600 or higher.

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Of the roughly 35,200 Asians taking the test, 496 scored over 699 on the verbal portion (1.4 per cent) and 3,015 on the mathematics. Of the roughly 963,000 whites taking the test, 9,028 scored over 699 on the verbal (just under 1 per cent) and 31,704 scored over 699 on the mathematics.

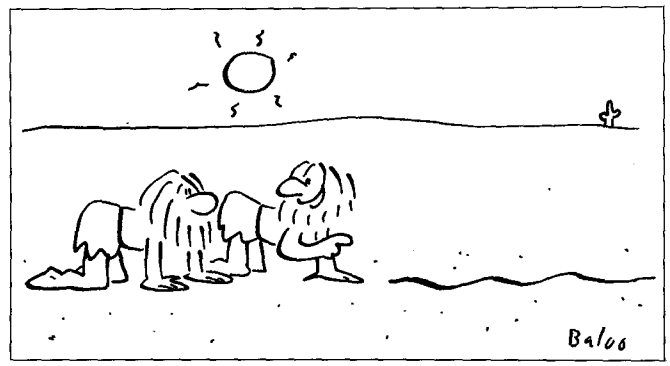
An important debate wages over just what SAT scores measure and predict, and how reliably they do so. Regardless of the outcome of the debate, the tests do say something about academic achievement in the tested material. Black performance on them has important implications concerning the availability of academically qualified black students for college recruitment.

At some of the nation's most prestigious schools, the SAT scores of the student body are as follows: at Amherst, 66 per cent of the students score above 600 on the verbal and 83 per cent above 600 on the mathematics; at Bryn Mawr, 70 per cent above 600 on the verbal and 70 per cent over 600 on the mathematics; at Haverford, 67 and 86 per cent; at MIT, 72 and 97 per cent. The median student SAT scores for the verbal and mathematics portions are 600 at Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Duke, Georgetown, Harvard, Oberlin, Princeton, Williams, Yale, and other colleges ranked as most competitive. Student SAT scores at schools ranked very competitive, such as Franklin and Marshall, Lafayette, Brandeis, and Lehigh, range in the high 500s and low 600s.

The black scores on the SAT, compared with the SAT performance of the general student body at the most prestigious schools, suggests that even if these schools made every heroic recruitment effort, it would be impossible to find much more than a tiny handful of blacks who would match the academic characteristics of these schools' average student. In 1983, there were 570 blacks who had combined SAT verbal and mathematics scores above 1,200, compared to 60,400 whites who did. That means, given the paucity of well-qualified blacks, that less-elite schools, among the nation's more than three thousand institutions of higher learning, are quickly left drawing from the lower end of the pool of college-bound black students.

At the graduate-school level, the academic tale is even more gruesome. The Graduate Record Examination (GRE) is used as a part of the admissions process by most graduate schools. It has three parts: verbal, quantitative, and analytical. In 1983, the mean national GRE scores were 499 on the verbal, 516 on the quantitative, and 522 on the analytical. Black mean scores were well below the national means: 370 on the verbal, 363 on the quantitative, and 363 on the analytical, which translates into a 129-point deficit on the verbal, 153 on the quantitative, and 159 on the analytical. Black performance on the GRE is lower than that of any other ethnic group reported taking the test (American Indians, Mexican-Americans, Asians, Puerto Ricans, Latin Americans, and Whites).

Poor black performance on standardized tests is frequently dismissed as owing to cultural bias of the test. If the charge of cultural bias has merit in the first place, in the sense that a culture-free test could be devised, one would expect cultural bias to be exhibited most strongly on the verbal portion of the test, where there are questions of reading comprehension, language, and literature. A much better performance relative to the national mean would be expected on those parts of the test where cultural bias is minimized—i.e., mathematics and analytic reasoning. As it turns out, blacks are closer to the national norm on the verbal portion of the GRE and furthest behind on the quantitative and analytical portions.



"We're saved! It's a Federal Guideline!"

The Asian population is more culturally distinct than other reported groups taking the GRE. However, the mean Asian score on the verbal portion of the GRE is 479, just 20 points below the national mean and 109 points higher than blacks. On the quantitative portion of the GRE, Asians' mean score is 575, outscoring the nation by 59 points. On the analytical portion, the Asian mean score is 522, identical with the national mean. Therefore, we might ask: If the examination is culturally biased, how is it that people of a culture far more alien to the American culture score close to the national mean?

Black performance on the GRE also allows us a preliminary assessment of what goes on while blacks are undergraduates. When blacks enter college as freshmen, their SAT scores as a percentage of the national norm are about 80 per cent. After four years of college, those who take the GRE achieve scores that are only 71 per cent of the national norm. Whatever the caveats regarding what tests measure, an unambiguous conclusion is that the achievement deficit of blacks does not diminish during four years of undergraduate training.

The fact that the black achievement deficit does not diminish demands more investigation into the possible reasons. Maybe there is nothing that can be done in the space of four or five years of college to significantly repair pre-college damage. Maybe the pattern of courses chosen by black students are not the most effective in terms of remediation. In any case, much more needs to be done to search for answers to these important questions.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES, under many sources of pressure, have sought to increase their enrollment of black students. If colleges adhered to rigid academic guidelines for admission, most would be frustrated in these efforts. Therefore, academic standards must be compromised. That is, colleges and universities must have one standard for admittance for whites and a lower one for blacks.

Whatever justification may be given for such a practice, it cannot help but build resentment, bitterness, and a sense of unfair play among whites, as it has already in matters of hiring, promotions, and layoffs. Official policy calling for unequal treatment by race is morally offensive whether it is applied to favor blacks or applied to favor whites.

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Recently, charges have surfaced about discrimination against Asian-Americans at some of the nation's most prestigious colleges like UCLA, Harvard, Berkeley, and Brown. In 1982, Asians admitted to Harvard had a combined SAT score of 1,467, compared to a combined SAT score of 1,355 for whites. On the average, an Asian had to score over 100 points higher to be admitted than a white. At Brown, between 1983 and 1987, the Asian admittance rate declined, while Asian academic performance (SAT scores and grade-point averages) increased.

Jack Bunzel reports in *The Public Interest* (Fall 1988) that "virtually all American-Indians, Hispanics, and blacks who apply to Berkeley, and meet the minimum UC requirements, are admitted [though it is possible to meet those requirements with a GPA of 2.78]. . . . white or Asian students are rarely accepted by Berkeley without a GPA of at least 3.7 or 3.8." According to Bunzel, for an Asian to have a 50 per cent chance of admission to Berkeley, he needs to have an Academic Index score of 7,000, while a score of 4,800 is enough for a black.

The other side of the admittance issue is the graduation issue. According to Bunzel, UC Berkeley figures show that 66 per cent of white students and 61 per cent of Asian students graduate within five years. Only 41 per cent of Hispanics and 27 per cent of blacks graduate in five years. These facts show that affirmative-action programs in college recruitment do not come close to being even a zero-sum game where blacks benefit at the expense of Asians. It is more like a negative-sum game, where everybody is worse off. In other words, Berkeley's affirmative-action program leads to the rejection of Asian and white students with a higher probability of graduation in favor of black and Hispanic students with a significantly lower probability of graduation. Thus, white and Asian students are being sacrificed to the benefit of no one.

This kind of affirmative action is not only inept social policy, it produces personal tragedy. Bunzel relates a story told by Donald H. Werner, headmaster of Westminster School:

> UC Berkeley made decisions on two of its students this past year, both Californians. Student A was ranked in the top third of his class, student B in the bottom third. Student A had College Board scores totaling 1,290; student B's scores totaled 890. Student A had a good record of citizenship; student B was expelled last winter for breaking a series of major school rules. Student A was white; student B was black. Berkeley refused student A and accepted student B.

The use of dual standards by college administrators, in an effort to produce "diversity" in the student body, is widespread. Whatever noble goals foster dual standards, one of their side-effects is that of producing racial animosity and resentment. It is easy to understand, though not to justify, how individuals who may never have harbored feelings of racial resentment can come to resent blacks, Hispanics, and other "protected" groups.

BLACKS HAVE difficult experiences on campus: high chances of being on academic probation and feelings of alienation from the larger community, which may be manifested in self-segregation, and dropping out of college. Today, there is little evidence of acts of official college racial discrimination against blacks. The bulk of black problems stem from poor academic preparation for college. Continually focusing on affirmative-action programs at the college level, while ignoring the massive educational fraud taking place at the primary and secondary schools blacks attend, means that campus problems will exist in perpetuity. It means most blacks will always need special admission privileges.

Today, many major cities have black mayors, large black representation on the city councils, and many black teachers and principals; in some large cities the superintendent of schools is black. That means blacks have many more policy choices than they had in the past. In the name of future generations of blacks, it is high time that responsible black people stop worrying about what whites are doing to blacks and begin to focus on what blacks are doing to blacks. □

THE CASE OF MICHAEL LEVIN

DANIEL SELIGMAN

MICHAEL LEVIN and academic freedom have both been in trouble at the City College of New York.

Levin, 45, a professor of Philosophy at CCNY, had an extraordinary experience last October: being formally condemned by his academic colleagues. Being condemned informally is standard fare, I gather, in backbiting academe, but to have the Faculty Senate publicly pronounce your views racist and generally abhorrent—in this case by a lopsided vote of 61 to 3—is not an everyday event. Nor is it usual for tenured professors to be pushed out of their classrooms for their views, however retrograde. Yet Levin was pressured to give up one of his courses, and the president of City College stated that Levin's prejudiced views make it henceforth inappropriate for him to teach any required courses.

Levin's situation is astonishing on several different levels. First, because the allegedly racist views that caused the row at CCNY were expressed in an Australian journal of ideas called *Quadrant*, which has a worldwide circulation of less than five thousand. Second, because what he said seems factually quite supportable (as we shall see). Yet in a period when America's intellectual community—galvanized by the case of Salman Rushdie—has literally gone on stage to register passionate concern for freedom of expression, it has been hard to get that community even to listen to Levin's story.

The silence about his case is stunning. The American Association of University Professors, whose support Levin asked, declined to get involved. There has been virtually no press coverage of the case. The *New York Times*, which in the past year or so has extensively covered con-

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Mr. Seligman is a contributing editor of Fortune *and author of its Keeping Up column.*

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troversies about academic freedom at Catholic University, Cornell, Stanford, and the university system of Hungary, has averted its gaze from this event on its doorstep. Its reporter interviewed Levin briefly, then evidently decided there was no story.

Michael Levin is a widely published writer. He has appeared in all the major philosophical journals and is the author of *Metaphysics and the Mind-Body Problem*, a work that positions him in the analytic-positivist tradition. He obviously relishes the cut and thrust of intellectual combat and is very much engaged politically, from what seems to be a neoconservative perspective; *Commentary* is among the many magazines he writes for. (He has also appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, with a report on peaceniks among the philosophers.) Among the issues on which he has been most outspoken are affirmative action and feminism. Guaranteeing his political unpopularity on almost any campus, he has argued strenuously against both. His most recent book is *Feminism and Freedom*.

LEVIN'S PRESENT PROBLEMS are in some ways an extension of a racially charged row he was involved in two years ago. This one began with, of all things, a *New York Times* editorial. The *Times* had addressed a familiar dilemma of modern urban life: How do you reconcile your powerful desire to treat all people in nondiscriminatory fashion with your knowledge that in some situations blacks, and especially young black men, represent an above-average crime risk? Are shopkeepers on Manhattan's Upper East Side really expected to unlock their doors for black men as readily as for white women?

Responding to these questions, the *Times* invoked the ideas of philosopher John Rawls. It cited his principle that in thinking about social justice, we should begin by putting ourselves in the shoes of the most disadvantaged. Noting the legitimate concerns both of shopkeepers who don't want to be robbed and of innocent blacks who don't want to be penalized by discrimination, the *Times* seemed to conclude—its message got a bit mushy toward the end—that Rawls's principle called for resolving the issue in favor of the blacks.

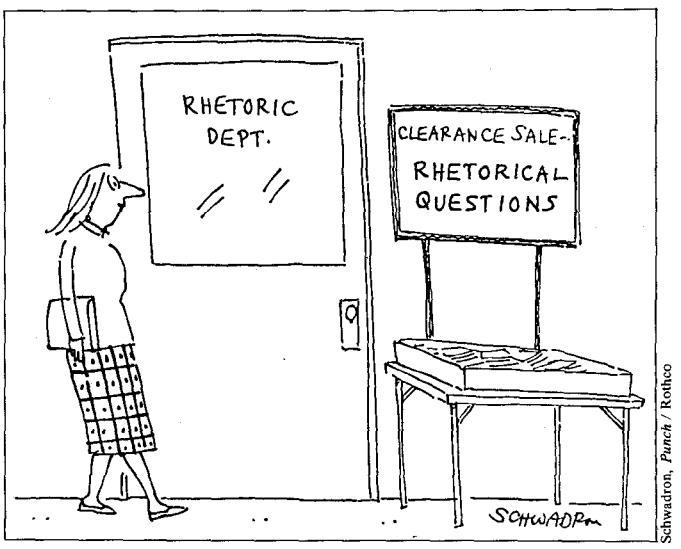
Levin and his wife, Margarita (who also teaches philosophy, at Yeshiva), wrote in to say that the paper had utterly distorted Rawls's views. The Rawls principle described by the *Times*, they observed, was to be used in judging the basic institutions of a society and should not be used to constrain prudential decisions about risk avoidance in everyday life. For good measure, the Levins took a poke at the *Times* for not worrying about innocent people (whites) who are penalized by affirmative action (which, of course, the paper favors).

The letter to the *Times* precipitated an uproar on campus. The CCNY branch of INCAR (International Committee Against Racism) set up pickets outside Levin's classes, and the college administration declined to remove them on the astonishing ground that academic freedom guaranteed the students' right to speak. Levin's students had to cross the picket line for several weeks early in 1987. (Just about all of them, black and white, did cross it.) In the same period, the college gave Levin a bodyguard. After a month or so, however, the protest petered out, and Levin stopped being an issue.

Until he wrote the *Quadrant* piece, that is. It was produced in response to a request by that journal for an essay on the state of American education, which, the editors thought, might be bounced off two of last year's big books: *Cultural Literacy*, by E. D. Hirsch, and *The Closing of the American Mind*, by Allan Bloom. I thought Levin's essay was first-rate: persuasive, enormously readable, effortlessly learned. Levin mostly cheers on Hirsch, who argued the importance of a shared cultural heritage, based on a sense of continuity with the past; however, Levin then sticks it to Hirsch for inconsistently buying the feminist agenda, which would eliminate "sexist" formulations from the language if not the mind, in the process erasing a lot of that shared heritage. The essay is much harder on Allan Bloom. Levin applauds Bloom's reporting on the awful vacuum in the heads of college students, who not only don't know anything but believe by a landslide that nothing is right or wrong, true or false. But Levin scorns Bloom's notion that the malaise of higher education is basically rooted in moral relativism; he also derides Bloom's efforts to refute this doctrine. Finally, Levin argues that the malaise can be linked to some ideas a lot closer to home than relativism.

This brings him and us to the critical passage. Levin says that a major source of the malaise in higher education is racial policy—i.e., affirmative action. He says that efforts to bring blacks into the educational mainstream have failed and will continue to fail, then adds: "If standards are going to be raised, cultural literacy reasserted, and college education given its old depth and focus, the American polity will have to reconcile itself to an embarrassing failure rate for blacks." Why this pessimistic assessment? Because, Levin says, "there is now quite solid evidence that . . . the average black is significantly less intelligent than the average white."

Quadrant subscribers received the article early in 1988, and for something like seven months it attracted very little attention. Then, suddenly, for reasons not clear, copies of the article were circulating all over the City College campus. The focus of attention was, of course, that statement about average black intelligence. (Almost 40 per cent of City College students are black.) With the Faculty Senate scheduled to meet on October 20, a move was soon under way to condemn Levin's statement. The motion of censure



Schwadron, *Punch* / Rothco

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was initiated by mathematician Bernard Sohmer, chairman of the Senate, and it evidently ran into no real opposition.

There was, however, disagreement over the form the censure should take. Sohmer told me that some members of the Senate thought it would be appropriate to put Levin down by writing a kind of rebuttal article. This suggestion was rejected on the ground that any serious rebuttal was unnecessary, since—the senators told themselves—the absurdity of Levin's views had been established over and over again in psychological literature. Finally, Sohmer and several others produced the resolution that carried.

It had three main themes, no one of them entirely comfortable with the other two. 1) The Senate "recognizes and prizes the right of a faculty member to express his or her views without restraint." 2) However, the Senate feels it must condemn as "racist prejudices" the views expressed by Levin. 3) The Senate is undertaking the painful task of condemning Levin even though it is ultimately unnecessary, as "Professor Levin's views will, left to themselves, fail in the free marketplace of ideas for lack of logical cogency or empirical support." In the entire discussion, not one member of the Senate rose to state that there was, in fact, plenty of empirical support for the offending views.

This omission is what seems most eerie about the proceeding. Black-white differences in IQ are, to put it mildly, a well-studied subject. There is some dispute about the reasons for the black-white IQ gap but none about the fact that it exists, and at significant levels. Depending on which IQ test you are talking about, blacks score 15 to 18 points lower than whites on average (a difference of about one standard deviation). It is true, and worth emphasizing, that some blacks score at very high levels. But Levin is plainly right about the broad averages. Only about one-sixth of blacks are above the white mean.

It is not clear how many members of the Senate knew any of the above. Sohmer himself seemed to know that there was an IQ gap. He insisted, however, that serious scholars paid no attention to IQ scores. ("I believe very few people in the field have the temerity to say that IQ tests are coextensive with intelligence.") This too seemed eerie, possibly because I was having the conversation with Sohmer soon after reading *The IQ Controversy*, by Mark Snyderman and Stanley Rothman. The book reports on the findings of an exhaustive survey that drew responses from 661 scholars concerned with the study of intelligence. One critical finding, as summarized by the authors: "On the whole, respondents seem to believe that intelligence tests are doing a good job of measuring intelligence, as they would define it."

THE DAY after the Senate meeting, Levin was summoned to the office of Paul Sherwin, dean of humanities at City College. Martin Tamny, chairman of the philosophy department, was also present. Tamny told Levin that in the circumstances he ought to give up his introductory course. Otherwise, Tamny added, he would personally go into Levin's class and offer the students the option of switching to a second section. Contemplating this horrifying prospect—a racially divided walkout by some of his students—Levin glumly agreed to give up the course temporarily (i.e., until the end of the fall semester).

Tamny's rationale for pushing Levin out of the introductory course is that black students might suspect he would be unfair to them in class. "Now, I don't think that's so," Tamny told me. "I think that Michael Levin is scrupulously fair to students—I've never had any complaints, except perhaps from some who say he's a very demanding teacher." Why, then, force him out? Feeble response: Some black students might not realize he would be fair.

In any case, Levin's withdrawal from the course began to seem less "temporary" in the days after his meeting with Tamny and Sherwin. The *Chronicle of Higher Education* interviewed Levin and City College President Bernard Harleston, then ran an article about the row at City College. The article included this ominous passage: "Mr. Harleston said it was Mr. Levin's decision to stop teaching the course but added that it would be inappropriate for him to teach required courses in the future."

The Levin case is disheartening on several counts. One is the absence from the campus debate of the most familiar of all propositions about academic freedom: that it implies a right of scholars to express unpopular views without administrative sanctions. Had Levin been penalized for being a pacifist, or a Trotskyist, or a follower of Lyndon LaRouche, the entire college community would instantly have gravitated to that proposition. So we learn, not for the first time, that the usual rules of engagement do not apply when the subject is race.

A problem within this problem is the way the term "racist" has been thrown around at City College. That term ought to be reserved for people who use a racial standard in deciding whose well-being to be concerned about. At City College, however, the term has been used like a blackjack—to punish a scholar for holding unacceptable beliefs about an empirical issue. The plain implication of this usage: that the issues Levin was writing about are to be decided not by evidentiary rules but by considering which views are politically acceptable. Meaning that thought control is in the saddle.

I HAVE MENTIONED Michael Levin's story to a fair number of people in the past month or so, and repeatedly run into one reaction. Yes, yes, people say, they agree that what City College did to Levin was wrong, and okay, they are prepared to accept that he was right about the facts. But still, why did he have to say it? Why wound City College students by raising the sensitive subject of black-white differences in mental ability?

The reaction seems understandable, but ultimately it does not make sense (even aside from the fact that Levin had no reason to suppose his students would ever read the essay). Anyone seriously interested in the future of affirmative action cannot forever duck the subject of racial differences in ability. We have no occasion to focus on many other group IQ differences—those between rich and poor whites, say. We can easily pass over those differences (which are also significant) because we are not running programs systematically granting preference to poor whites and taking their failure to do better as evidence of discrimination. The existing system of preferences for minorities makes the subject of group differences at once more sensitive and less avoidable. The Levin story can be read as one more indicator of affirmative action's tendency to poison race relations. □

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EVIL UNDER THE SUN

After thirty years of Castro, Cuba is in miserable shape—
private squalor, public squalor, slogans instead of food.
But its population is the most tightly controlled in the Communist world,
and Gorbachev will not dare crack down on what Fidel himself calls

THE ALBANIA OF THE CARIBBEAN

RICHARD GRENIER

"COMMUNISM is my religion!" rhapsodically announced Silvia Rodríguez, a young Cuban office worker, her eyes alight. "And Fidel is my god!" *Compañera* (comrade) Silvia is Deputy Chairman of Committee for the Defense of the Revolution Number 7, Zone 133, of Bayamo, a city of 123,000 near Santiago in eastern Cuba. She is a person of some importance in a world tightly controlled by Cuba's network of CDRs, or block committees, with the authority to make life unpleasant for those below her in rank. Her opposite numbers in Havana could withhold people's food rations, for example, if, during Gorbachev's visit, these underlings failed to volunteer to be bused to stations along a twenty-mile route outside the city to applaud the Soviet president. Not to do so would demonstrate patently unsocialist behavior, and the CDR would conscientiously take note.

On a visit to the Moncada Barracks in Santiago—which Fidel Castro and 123 men attacked in 1956 in an abortive first attempt to take power—I was told by an ardent guide: "We must teach our children to love the Revolution and Fidel!" By her enthusiasm, I should imagine the guide might rank high in her own CDR. For there is a CDR for every single city block and every agricultural production unit in all Cuba. Silvia Rodríguez's CDR in Bayamo, with a membership of only 59, has its own officers responsible for "ideology," for "vigilance," for "defense." A Cuban's entire life is under the surveillance of his CDR, which in addition to food rations also controls his employment and leisure time.

Comrade Silvia is accustomed to scarcity, penury, and rationing (of nearly everything), ripping up old sheets to use as sanitary napkins, with one new bra or one pair of panties per year (not both), having known this in Cuba all her life. The third richest country in Latin America before Castro, a step or two behind Argentina, with an unusually high literacy rate and number of doctors per capita for the region—and a longer average life expectancy than Spain, Greece, and even *Japan*—Cuba has been driven straight down by Castro's version of Communism and is now near the bottom: a beggar nation, destitute, dependent on Moscow for the $5-billion- to $8-billion-a-year subsidy that barely keeps the economy afloat, even though it makes up a full fourth of the country's gross national product. My figures for Cuba's economy, health services, and education before Castro are from such sources as the *United Nations Statistical Yearbook* and *UN World Population Trends and Policies*, available to anyone; but "Fidel" and his people lie shamelessly to visiting journalists, and such journalists, particularly those from television, repeat Fidel's lies mindlessly.

CUBA IS FILLED with banners: SOCIALISM OR DEATH, MARXISM-LENINISM OR DEATH, COMMUNISM OR DEATH, EVERY CUBAN MUST KNOW HOW TO SHOOT AND SHOOT WELL (signed: FIDEL), DOWN WITH IMPERIALISM, WE ARE INVINCIBLE, DEATH TO THE INVADER. Small notices on walls read: MILITIAMEN: FOLLOW ORDERS SWIFTLY. WE MUST RESIST THE ENEMY WITH ALL THE FORCE OF THE REVOLUTION. The banners are very unlike the vanguard-of-the-proletariat slogans that used to shine atop every public building in Moscow until, in the age of *glasnost*, a year ago, the Russians got embarrassed about them and took them down. Having revisited the Soviet Union only four months ago, I was struck by the differences in style between the two countries: Castro's regime being in every way more personal, florid, flamboyant, bombastic; Cuba's population more tightly controlled. Scholars say Castro's boyhood idols were three: for faith, Primo de Rivera, Spain's military dictator of the 1920s (Castro's father was a Spaniard); for tactics, Adolf Hitler; for passion, Mussolini. And Cuba today has a vibrant fascist flavor, its ruler a Latin American *caudillo* whose jealous hatred of the United States has provided him with a powerful protector, if not a model, in Moscow. Since *glasnost* and *perestroika* have broken out in the Soviet Union, Cuba's ideological link with Moscow is even weaker, since in his own country Castro is fighting both greater freedom and Soviet-style economic reforms tooth and nail, clinging fervently if eccentrically to "moral incentives," "purity of doctrine," himself alluding to Cuba as the "Albania of the Caribbean."

In the mountains of the Sierra Maestra, where in 1956 Castro launched with 82 educated guerrillas his second revolutionary venture—this one successful—I witnessed a

Mr. Grenier is a columnist for the Washington Times *and (London)* Sunday Telegraph. *His novel,* The Marrakesh One-Two *(1984), is still in print from Penguin.*

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contingent of uniformed schoolchildren chanting in unison for almost a quarter-hour: "*¡Viva el marxismo, vi-va! ¡Viva el comunismo, vi-va! ¡Viva Fidel, vi-va!*" The decibel count on the *vi-vas* was at deafening, *sieg heil* level, but the performance was much admired by a visiting U.S. delegation, particularly by some who oppose the Pledge of Allegiance. "How unself-conscious they are!" one woman said glowingly. "In the States they'd be so self-conscious!"

Havana, Cuba's capital, gives new meaning to the words "shabby" and "dilapidated." The whole city, once a Miami-plus-gambling with a tremendous tourist trade, is now ratty and ramshackle, gone appallingly to seed. Whole families live in single rooms. Courtyards are squalid. Even in the so-called "dollar zone," forbidden to all but authorized Cubans, the "luxury" hotels have rusty bathtubs, peeling walls, windows that are unwashed, often broken. If closed, windows will not open. If open, they will not close.

Life in Cuba is more than austere. After thirty years of Communism, still rationed are: beans, rice, salt, sugar (Cuba's principal crop), cooking oil, butter, milk, coffee, bath soap, laundry soap, detergent, cigars (Cuban cigars), tobacco, and of course all meats. A "parallel" market exists, in which foodstuffs are sold freely—but with huge lines and at huge prices. The monthly family allotment of evaporated milk lasts a seven-year-old child two weeks. Milk for the remaining two weeks sets the family back about ten pesos (in a country where the average monthly wage is 145 pesos). Most basic items of clothing are rationed. On the parallel market, a man's short-sleeved shirt costs from 42 to 47 pesos. The average Cuban workingman, if he devotes his entire pay packet for a month to buying shirts, can buy three. An ordinary electric fan, imported from People's China, costs six hundred pesos—a workingman's total salary for four months.

We're talking here about ordinary Cubans. Amidst this penury, Cuba's *cuadros dirigentes* (ruling cadres) live like millionaires, lacking for nothing: automobiles, fine foods, an abundance of stylish clothing for the women, distributed in closely guarded "Party" shops. They live in opulent luxury amid a destitute population. Such privileges do not make these people liked, and in the vernacular they are called *mayimbes*. Do not look for this in your Spanish dictionary. It is a word of African origin which, interestingly enough, has surfaced in Cuba only under Castro and was translated for me variously as "ruling class," "power class," "bosses," and—reportedly its African meaning—"vultures." It is not a polite term. The *mayimbes*, nearly all white in a country now roughly half black, can freely patronize tourist shops and restaurants that take only dollars. Whereas, according to *Granma* (Cuba's *Pravda*), an ordinary young Cuban was recently sentenced to a year in prison for having two American dollars in his pocket. In Moscow, taxi drivers are only too happy to be paid in dollars, but drivers in Havana are afraid of being caught with them. The fear level in Cuba is high. My official handlers told me ordinary Cubans were free to visit me at my hotel, but offers to buy unofficial Cubans a drink at the bar of the Hotel Capri in Havana were nervously refused. Two young Cubans, only, accepted and sat in the bar miserably. "We're shivering here," one said. "You think they haven't seen us, but they have."

A few years back Castro experimented with a Cuban "farmers' market," the free sale of produce from private plots. Now, the Soviet Union has had such "peasant markets" for decades—long before *perestroika*—but Castro, reportedly irritated by even modest pockets of affluence accruing from a form of private enterprise, quirkily slammed his farmers' markets shut in 1986 and since has opposed all reforms rigidly. "Those in the Cuban Communist Party who favor *perestroika* and *glasnost*," he declared in a speech to high Party officials only two months before Gorbachev's visit, "belong with dissidents and counter-revolutionaries." Cuba, he affirmed resoundingly, is the last bastion of "true Marxism." Castro is reported, moreover, to have called *Moscow News*, a prime organ of Soviet *glasnost*, "more counter-revolutionary than Radio Martí"—the U.S. Government's Spanish-language broadcast service beamed at Cuba. In fact, Castro has made the Spanish-language edition of this subversive *Moscow News* virtually unfindable in Cuba. Returning to the Soviet menace in his speech to Cuban Party officials, Castro declared: "We are between two powerful enemies, the United States and the Soviet Union." The characterization of Moscow as an "enemy" produced a considerable shock effect. But Castro wasn't through: "And I don't know which is more dangerous for the Cuban Revolution: the eagle in front of us or the bear we have at our back."

THIS SET THE STAGE piquantly for the Gorbachev visit to Havana, which predictably ended in a Caribbean hurricane of all-purpose statements. Gorbachev condemned the "export of revolution" to Central America by military means, but also condemned the United States for supporting the region's democratic governments (is this "exporting revolution"?). The Soviet president, in a speech to Cuba's rubber-stamp parliament, made the case for economic reform—but whether he will cut back on the huge amount of aid Moscow sends to Havana we will only find out in time. Castro, in a 46-minute introduction to Gorbachev's speech, made the case *against* economic reform. The most characteristic public event at the summit was when Castro leapt to his feet at a news conference to praise Gorbachev for recognizing that every nation must find its own road to socialism. But whether Gorbachev really thinks this, or plans to reduce Soviet aid in order to induce Cuba to follow his lead in reforming its bankrupt economic system, we do not know.

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With Soviet foreign interventionism in sharp decline, most visibly in Afghanistan and Eastern Europe, Gorbachev and Castro seem genuinely at odds on foreign policy. Despite his agreement to withdraw Cuban troops from Angola, Castro gives no signs of really abandoning his frenetic "internationalism" or relinquishing the glamor and prestige which, despite Cuba's desperate economic situation, he still enjoys in the Third World as the leader who with impunity shook his angry fist at the Colossus of the North. Whatever his objectives, Gorbachev is rational and prudent. Fidel Castro is neither. Cuban dissidents I managed to see during my stay in Havana believe to a man that Castro did his best to start a nuclear war to prevent the withdrawal of Soviet missiles during the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962. And everyone agrees that it's Castro's temperament never to put his foot on the brake, always on the accelerator. Not that it has ever paid to underrate Castro's acumen. Even the people who hate him most, who despise his capricious, neo-fascist rule and deplore what he's done to both Cuban freedoms and the Cuban economy, are in awe of his tactics and timing. Fidel Castro is a hard man to coerce, and he's never been outwitted yet.

For a long time now Castro has been holding his own people hostage, letting it be said that the human-rights situation in Cuba will improve only if Washington will call off the embargo, "normalizing" relations with Havana. The new wrinkle—brought on by the Gorbachev-Castro summit—is the assumption in naïve American circles that Gorbachev is now privately carrying water for Washington, that in the interest of improving relations between the U.S. and Moscow he is pleading Washington's case with Castro, urging him to stop being an over-age international *enfant terrible*, cutting back on Cuban support for Marxist-Leninist military forces in Central America. But speculation among Cuban dissidents, some of whom have known Castro personally since the Moncada days, is that if Gorbachev were to try to pressure him, Castro, wroth, would do "terrible things." Facing defeat, they say, Castro is capable of the wildest, most irrational actions. Samson in the temple, they say, bringing down the temple on his own head. A man like this is not easy to pressure.

Leaving out ideological debate on Communist reform, Moscow's budgetary problems, "deviationism," "dogmatism," and the "Albanian model," I for one am not convinced Gorbachev will even try all that hard to give Washington a kinder, gentler Fidel. Cuba, for all Castro's troublesomeness, still offers Moscow great advantages: military intelligence, electronic listening posts, basing facilities for Soviet vessels. And it offers one last asset, perhaps the greatest: the Cuba card. We play the China card against Moscow? Moscow plays the Cuba card against us. Before Gorbachev emasculates Castro—or tries to—he will want something in exchange from Washington. Something big. Something huge. Cuba is a wildly insubordinate "colony" of the Soviet empire, plotting against its Moscow patron, insulting it daily, but it's a great Soviet asset nonetheless. Gorbachev knows it. And Fidel knows it. □

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THE BLOOMING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

IT IS MORE troubling than amusing that at the moment when *Rolling Stone* shows the President of the United States and the man he appointed chairman of the Republican National Committee rocking out on stage before a national audience, NATIONAL REVIEW chooses to publish an anti-rock screed by a born-again rock hater ["Rock of Ageds," Feb. 24].

That *NR* tacks against the Zeitgeist is fine. Standing athwart modernity and crying "Stop" is, of course, the *point* of NATIONAL REVIEW; but that an article condemning rock could be published just as rock is, for example, becoming a force for liberalization behind the Iron Curtain surely is an irony. Rock 'n' roll is synonymous with freedom to young people in Moscow, Warsaw, and Prague. Rock ought to be supported as a weapon of Realpolitik.

But then here is Stuart Goldman trotting out all the tired old arguments against rock. It is, he says, boorish, perverted, concupiscent, lowbrow, lumpen, and unaesthetic. And with the usual Bloomesque flourishes, he blames it on the Rolling Stones.

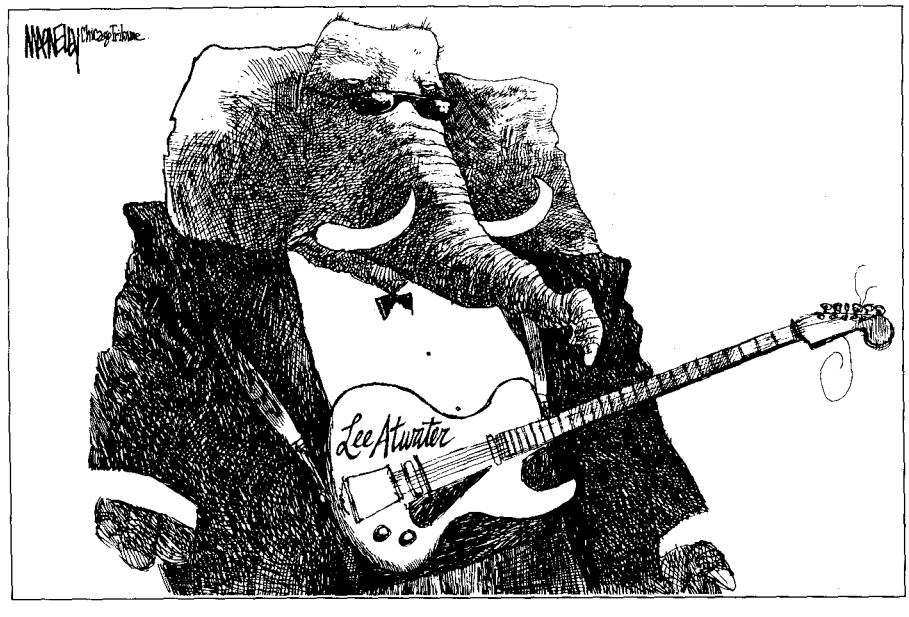
Goldman claims to have been a rock musician and critic, although he now boasts that "Today I'm as foreign to the world of rock music as a fish out of slime." Somehow, it's a relief. The thought of a fifty-year-old Mick Jagger prancing along the catwalk is somewhat less embarrassing than the notion of Stuart Goldman continuing to be a rock critic.

Let's begin with some of his "facts." He misplaces the Damned, one of the original punk bands, as heavy metal. He says rock 'n' roll is "the most prosperous industry in the world," which surely must be surprising to IBM, Boeing, and Toyota. He claims conservatives cannot love rock, nor can they survive in the music industry, while not mentioning that one of the music industry's great success stories is Miles Copeland IV, son of *NR* contributor Miles Copeland III. The younger Copeland is the manager of Sting, former manager of the Police (for which his brother was the drummer), and founder of IRS Records. Copeland is most certainly a conservative, having, in the 1988 campaign, been a supporter of Jack Kemp.

Mr. Goldman exhibits his depth by saying that rock "died in 1977," which —given that it was precisely at this time that rock was engaging in the catharsis of punk—is akin to saying Florence in the fourteenth century was the end of civilization. He compounds his error by proclaiming that rock broke into two parts in the Sixties, represented by the goody-goody and melodic Beatles and those nasty Rolling Stones. To limit his understanding of rock to a binary system of Beatles and Stones indicates Goldman's shallowness. Where does he mention such contemporaries of the Beatles and the Stones as The Who (rock as vehicle for narrative storytelling), the Kinks (rock as social satire), or even Bob Dylan?

I'll concede Mr. Goldman a couple of points. The rock music most commonly available on the airwaves or through cable television is typically junk. To find the good stuff, one may have to search a bit. But we don't condemn cinema because what's available at our local Spectrum 27 is a steady diet of *Porky's XIII* and *Rambo XI*. We don't decry literature just because Judith Krantz and Sidney Sheldon are what hit us in the eye when we walk into Waldenbooks.

SIMILARLY, the great pop music of our age is produced by precisely those labels Goldman has no doubt never heard of. Goldman condemns only what he sees, and what he saw on his quick survey of rock music was very limited. Heavy metal is an easy target. It's stupid, gross, and, I suspect, temporary—sort of like adolescence. Attacking it as a means of attacking all of rock is like attacking the Reverend Al Sharpton as a means of condemning Baptists.



Mr. Buckley is a former rock critic for the SoHo Weekly News *and* The Village Voice, *and is currently communications director for the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee.*

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And where does Goldman deal with Elvis Costello, Lou Reed, the Fall, pop bands like the dBs and garage bands like the Fleshtones? Punk—which Goldman also completely ignores—ushered in an age in which bands with limited audiences created some of the most thrilling music in the history of rock 'n' roll. Rock didn't die in 1977, it was reborn. And it was reborn in a mode that, more than any other cultural indicator, predicted the rise of Reaganism.

Just as supply-side economics and the rise of Reagan were a back-to-the-roots rebellion against the hippie era and the stultification of the Seventies, so the rise of punk was a return to real rock 'n' roll. Both used classical prescriptions: for the supply-siders, it was the return to low tax rates; for the punk rocker, it was the return to songs based on three simple chords.

Now, Mr. Goldman's attack comes just as a new Republican President is strapping on his Stratocaster and jamming on stage, sending a signal that Republicans, even conservatives, can quit being so glum and have fun, and can at last come to terms with rock music. While the walls of Communism are toppling to the beat of rock 'n' roll, Mr. Goldman can stay at home re-reading his Bloom and reliving his failed career as a rock star and critic, and seethe. □

GIMME A BREAK

STUART GOLDMAN

WHILE I ADMIRE Mr. Buckley's enthusiasm, unfortunately that is about all that can be said for his clever effort. Mr. Buckley appears to be neither a rocker nor a conservative—if one accepts the notion that conservatism means balance, moderation, and, most of all, common sense. Rather, he has apparently never gotten over being a "rock critic."

For the most part, rock critics are a dreary and dull-witted bunch of guys with rumpled clothes, dirty tennis shoes, and speech impediments—a simpering, humorless pack of gimps and failures who've found a way to hang out with the guys whose posters used to adorn their bedrooms when they lived at home. In common parlance, they're groupies. Mr. Buckley displays all the traits of groupie-ism: a slavish idolatry of assorted heroes; a sycophantic I'm-with-the-band posture; and a frantic defensiveness when the little gods he worships are profaned.

Mr. Buckley's dewy-eyed cheerleading as George Bush straps on his Stratocaster (which he couldn't play) would almost be cute if it weren't so sad. I'm sorry to have to say this—because I like old George—but the poor man never looked sillier in his life. The only political act I've ever seen that was more embarrassing was when Hubert Humphrey—speaking before a black audience—referred to himself as a "soul brother."

Now, Lee Atwater is another story. Purportedly, the guy can play; moreover, he likes all the right stuff—but so what? According to Mr. Buckley's twaddle-brained logic, the underlying message is that Republicans aren't really a bunch of stiff-necked guys in three-piece suits. No, they're regular folks, just like you and me. Folks who have decided it's okay to "have fun." So taken with this image is Buckley that he parades George and Lee and their dueling Strats across his computer screen twice (count 'em!)—as if they were the Lone Ranger and Tonto coming to the rescue of the Republican Party just in the nick of time.

Groupies lack the ability to see beyond their own fuzzy little fantasies. Mr. Buckley evidences this quality in spades. Consider his citing of Miles Copeland IV as proving that rockers can indeed be conservatives. If Copeland calls himself a conservative, then he has all the morals of a Fifth Avenue whore, considering that he manages Sting, one of the most flamingly radical of the liberal rock brat-packers. Among the acts signed to Copeland's IRS label are the homosexual activists Fine Young Cannibals, as well as bands like Nuclear Assault, Wall of Voodoo, Seduce, and Leather Nun.

In regard to Buckley's ballyhooing of punk rock as a vehicle of democracy and free enterprise, this is pure, unmitigated hokum. Punk is, by its very nature, a force for anarchy, nihilism, and overthrow of the establishment. As for punk being a return to "real rock 'n' roll" (a music elegant in its melodic simplicity) Mr. Buckley again displays a woeful lack of knowledge. Punk rock *never* utilized three chords. It was more like *no* chords.

But Mr. Buckley continues to insist that rock—like great literature and art—has the capacity to enhance our awareness of the world, and that it is a vital force in enlivening culture. Again, his thinking exposes him as another casualty of rock propaganda. When a music is played daily in shopping malls, dentists' offices, health spas, and on the bulk of TV shows and advertisements, the only thing it's a force for is selling products—primarily fashion—and the promotion of an attitude that ceased being relevant years ago. But no matter. By now, Buckley is carried away with the heat of his own prose and we find the "walls of Communism are toppling to the beat of rock 'n' roll."

ALTHOUGH CRITICS of my piece would like to paint me as some stodgy old curmudgeon who wants to burn all rock records (casting me in this role makes their argument much easier), this is simply not the case. I am not a "rock hater." My reason for abandoning today's rock—which simply means that when I listen to music I listen to other stuff—is not that I think it's going to cause our culture to come toppling down, or that I believe everyone who listens to it will become demon-possessed. It's simply that I got tired of wasting my time. After all, why should we listen to Guns 'n' Roses when we can hear the Stones or, better yet, Big Joe Turner or Sonny Boy Williamson? Why should we waste our money on Dwight Yoakam when we can hear Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys? Why worship fifth-rate guitar gods like Eric Clapton when there are Django Reinhardt records available?

If Mr. Buckley wants to sift through the garbage bin of rock, circa 1989, to come up with some undiseased fruit—let him have at it. For my money, life is simply too short. □

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'THE PROPOSITION IS PEACE'

Joseph Sobran

Israel's Fateful Hour, by Yehoshafat Harkabi (Harper & Row, 256 pp., $19.95)

IN *Israel's Fateful Hour*, Yehoshafat Harkabi argues that it's time for Israel to make peace, even if that means talking with the PLO and giving up the occupied territories. Coming from a blame-Israel-first peacenik, this wouldn't be news. But Harkabi is a former head of Israeli military intelligence. Not long ago, in fact, he was one of the country's leading hawks, who sought to warn Israelis that the Arab forces were quite serious about wanting to wipe Israel off the map.

Harkabi says he hasn't changed; but he's convinced the Arabs have. He therefore describes himself as a "Machiavellian dove." He writes: "Israel must withdraw from the occupied territories with their growing Arab population. There are pro-PLO circles that make similar demands; I make them because I am pro-Israeli." Israeli intransigence will only harden the Arabs again; meanwhile, the demographics will steadily weaken Israel's bargaining position. Since the Israelis are in possession of Arab territory, they can't expect "symmetrical compromises" from the Arabs.

> Nevertheless the onus of making concessions does not fall on Israel alone, and the Arab contribution must not be limited to an august condescension to make peace with a Jewish Israel. The peace is as much for the sake of Arabs as for Jews. The acid test of the Arabs' peaceful intention will be their readiness to meet Israel's security needs at the bargaining table. Palestinians and Arabs are not such a weak party to the negotiations that they can only receive concessions. Both sides must bring themselves to consider the adversary not as an object to be manipulated but as a subject with whom to communicate and finally come to terms.

Harkabi's basic approach is to plead for an understanding of the enemy: "Your enemy is not a criminal merely because he is an enemy." But to understand is not to sentimentalize; it is to avoid the sentimentalism of both love and hate, and to see the enemy as he really is, with mixed motives, multiple interests, grievances of his own, limited energies, capacity for change and adaptation: "Let Israel not be so foolish as to believe that it can win the Arabs' unending love; but neither should it assume that Arab hostility cannot be modified by Israel's behavior."

In their public rhetoric (Harkabi wrote before Yasir Arafat's December statement renouncing terrorism and accepting Israel), the Arabs remain militant. But for all but a few fanatics, the "grand design" of destroying Israel is no longer a practical policy goal, and the distinction between "ideal goals" and "realistic goals" is basic to Harkabi's analysis. A wish or dream is not the same thing as a practical intention, which involves a structure of action. Terrorism is morally hideous, but it doesn't amount to a serious threat to Israel's existence. The only serious long-term threat is a larger Arab population than Israel can assimilate politically or control by force. Neither annexation nor permanent occupation is feasible.

The bulk of the book is a criticism of Israeli ideologies that impede accurate perceptions of the Arabs by defining them as a psychocultural monolith that can only be fought, never reasoned or compromised with. Harkabi singles out two such ideologies: the "Jabotinsky-Begin ethos" and its close ally, "nationalistic Judaism." The first is a mystique of the will and of the single decisive event: it led to the disaster of the 1982 Lebanon war, which was waged, in Harkabi's judgment, for "expressivist" rather than "instrumentalist" reasons. For the Likud leadership, all that seems to matter is that the war was, in their minds, morally justified; that it failed to achieve its goals and backfired badly against Israel is secondary. "What is the point of

M. E. Bradford is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. His new book, The Reactionary Imperative: Essays Literary and Political, *was published in March by Sherwood Sugden.*

Richard Gid Powers, a professor of history at the City University of New York, Graduate Center, is the author of Secrecy and Power: The Life of J. Edgar Hoover *(Free Press).*

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waging a war for even a just cause if one will be worse off as a result?" asks Harkabi. "Sometimes it is better to live with an injury than to take too drastic measures to remedy it."

Harkabi argues that the Likud's annexationist policy toward the occupied territories has staked Israel's very existence to a wrongheaded ideology. He contrasts the way Begin and Shamir have pitted Israel against the world with the skillful diplomacy of the British, who have used shifting alliances to prevent their enemies from consolidating against them. Even the peace with Egypt has become frayed, and Israel's American support is weakening. Harkabi is unusually candid about the difference between American and Israeli interests, calmly penetrating much official unrealism on the subject: "From strategic considerations, the United States ought to maintain good relations with Arab countries rather than with Israel (as George Marshall believed many years ago)." The real bond between the two countries, he contends, is that both "are democracies and share common values."

But even this bond is threatened by rising forces in Israel. In the book's most hair-raising chapter, Harkabi cites the recent writing of religious extremists, some of them influential and authoritative, who favor treating Christians as "idolators" and even, in one widely publicized article, advocate genocide against non-Jews. Meir Kahane is by no means the most fanatical of his breed. Harkabi worries about the consequences of discrimination against Christians not only for Israel but for Jews everywhere. He cites the Jewish sages of other eras to prove that the new extremists do not speak for the entire Jewish tradition, and observes hopefully that "religion can lead to moderation." But at the moment, the wrong forces are gaining ascendancy. Though he appears not to be a believer himself, Harkabi offers some sensitive reflections on the wisdom of the other strain in the Jewish tradition, which has always "been careful not to make history into the proving ground of theology."

In spite of what sounds like pessimism, Harkabi shows a way out of the present impasse. He defines an area of real common interest for Israelis, Arabs, and Americans that is completely free of the standard jargon. The book is a model of practical political wisdom, nuanced without preciosity, Burkean in its attention to circumstance rather than abstract justification. It reminds the reader of a famous sentence of Burke's: "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom." We would all do well to listen carefully to this wise old warrior. □

THE LIBERAL CONNECTION

Richard Gid Powers

The Liberals and J. Edgar Hoover: Rise and Fall of a Domestic Intelligence State, by William W. Keller (Princeton, 215 pp., $25)

IF YOU'RE NOT passionate, one way or the other, about J. Edgar Hoover and his war on Communism, you're probably not passionate about anything. For, no matter what your ideological leanings, there's no question that the struggle over Communism has been the great struggle of this century, and that it touches on every other dispute that has divided Americans during the past seventy years. Since Hoover and his FBI, wearing their snap-brimmed anti-Communist hats, were at the center of that struggle at its height, your attitude toward Hoover's Bureau is a pretty good litmus test for predicting your whole outlook on the recent American past.

Now comes William W. Keller, an analyst for the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, with *The Liberals and J. Edgar Hoover.* Keller offers a double-barreled thesis. First, that the FBI of the Sixties, the FBI of the Cointel (counterintelligence) operations, was really an "independent security state." (We'll come back to that, but for the moment you will be safe in assuming it is a bad thing.) Second, that those very liberals who stomped all over the FBI during the 1975 Church Committee hearings, defiling its files, flaying alive those of Hoover's lieutenants still among the living, and committing outrages against the memory of Hoover himself (he had died in 1972), were themselves to blame

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ COMING IN MAY: In *Blue Monday: The Loss of the Work Ethic in America* (Paragon, $22.95), Robert Eisenberger argues that America's declining position in the global economy is the result of a lazy and inefficient system of public education, irresponsible work habits and attitudes, and the corruption of social standards by the entertainment industry.

Complete Letters: Vol. 2, 1860-1867 (Ardis, $35), by Fyodor Dostoyevsky, edited and translated by David A. Lowe, comprises 172 letters written between the composition of *Notes from the Underground* and Dostoyevsky's remarriage and visit to the gaming tables of Germany—a period in his life that, as he transcribes it with great power and immediacy in his correspondence, puts the reader in mind of the novelist's most tormented characters. . . . From *"To Reach Eternity": The Letters of James Jones* (Random House, $22.50), edited by George Hendrick and with an introduction by William Styron, we get an interesting picture of a not greatly gifted writer working conscientiously to make the most of his literary abilities.

☐ LEFT OVER FROM APRIL: *Deception: The Invisible War between the KGB and the CIA* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by Edward J. Epstein, is a fascinating volume dealing with little-known information regarding attempts at interpretation by the two superpowers' intelligence agencies, and concluding with a carefully reasoned theory according to which *glasnost* represents a further phase in a strategy of international deception originally formulated in the wake of the Bolshevik revolution.

In *The Great Betrayal: Britain, Australia, and the Onset of the Pacific War, 1939-42* (Norton, $19.95), David Day, author of *Menzies and Churchill at War*, fills an historiographical lacuna with an account of the diplomatic strains between Downing Street and Canberra early in the war.

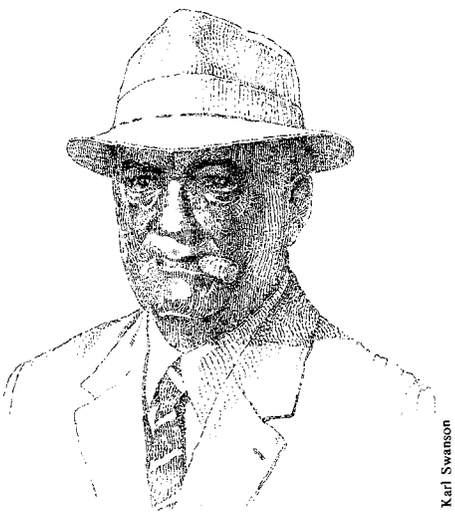
Citizen Welles: A Biography of Orson Welles (Scribner's, $24.95), by Frank Brady, is a moving story of the life of the great director and actor whose every artistic instinct worked against the grain of Hollywood, in the ambit of which most of his career was spent. —CW

for that independent security state. *Liberals*, you may ask, responsible for Hoover?

A definition: by an "independent security state" Keller means a "state within a state" dedicated to neutralizing ideological enemies of the "parent state," choosing its own targets and employing methods unknown to the officials of the parent state. Another definition is needed, but not supplied: Keller spends no little time discussing the "liberal state," the principles behind which he sees as incompatible with the later behavior of Hoover's Bureau. Here he seems to mean the Liberal state of John Stuart Mill: a minimal state, empowered only to defend the rights of its citizens, so that by definition any state action that impinges on individual liberties is presumptively illegitimate. And yet, when he talks about "liberals"—as in the people who, he says, were responsible for Hoover—he seems vaguely to mean the sort of people who are conventionally called liberals by themselves, the press, or their enemies: liberals in popular parlance. But to quote David Mamet, the difference between Liberal and liberal is: "No similarity."

Leaving that little difficulty aside, Keller's central idea, that liberals were responsible for the rise of Hoover's secret intelligence state, is fairly simple. In the real world, during periods of extreme danger (pretty much all the time, some would say), the liberal state has to do things to survive that cannot be reconciled with liberal principles. Conservatives recognize this, but liberals refuse to face the facts. Therefore they need someone like Hoover to do their dirty work, while they maintain their doctrinal purity.

Unfortunately, Keller takes his argument further. He claims not only that the liberals needed Hoover, but that his power was sustained chiefly by liberal support, that he weakened as liberals began to withdraw that support, and that the FBI's independence and power were finally finished when the "liberal entente" with the Bureau collapsed early in 1971.



Karl Swanson

Now, no one who knows anything about the history of the FBI, about the history of American Communism and anti-Communism, or about American politics will agree for a minute that Hoover and the liberals were secret sweethearts despite all the mudslinging, name-calling, and generally malodorous atmosphere of a half-century of brawls between liberals and the apparently eternal director.

And yet, Keller is onto something, both in his basic argument about liberals' refusal to face the facts about what democracies must do to survive in dangerous times, and in his demonstration that liberals did, though not perhaps for the reasons he thinks, support Hoover by willingly handing over to him more responsibility than they later liked to recall.

Anti-Communist liberals (as opposed to the fellow-traveling liberals of the Popular Front or progressive variety) wanted to remove Communists from government and from the labor unions, and to eliminate, or at least curb, Communist influence in other institutions (education, entertainment, and the churches). But they wanted to do so in a restrained, "surgical" way, so as to provide as little ammunition as possible for conservative anti-Communists who wanted to broaden the anti-Communist drive into a war on socialism, the programs and record of the New and Fair Deals, and the welfare state generally. Since almost everything the FBI had to do to combat the Communists effectively seemed bound to violate civil-libertarian standards, Keller holds, liberals preferred not to know what Hoover was doing, thus abetting his natural inclination toward secrecy and autonomy.

Hoover's secretiveness was indeed forced on him by the liberals—but not by their desire not to let the left hand know what the right hand was doing. Instead, the problem was their tendency to treat crime and Communism *primarily* as civil-liberties issues, rather than as matters of, respectively, law enforcement and internal security. The liberal principle of excluding evidence collected by illegal methods was particularly disastrous in the prosecution of internal-security cases. Had the FBI not tried, for the most part successfully, to conceal its methods, it would

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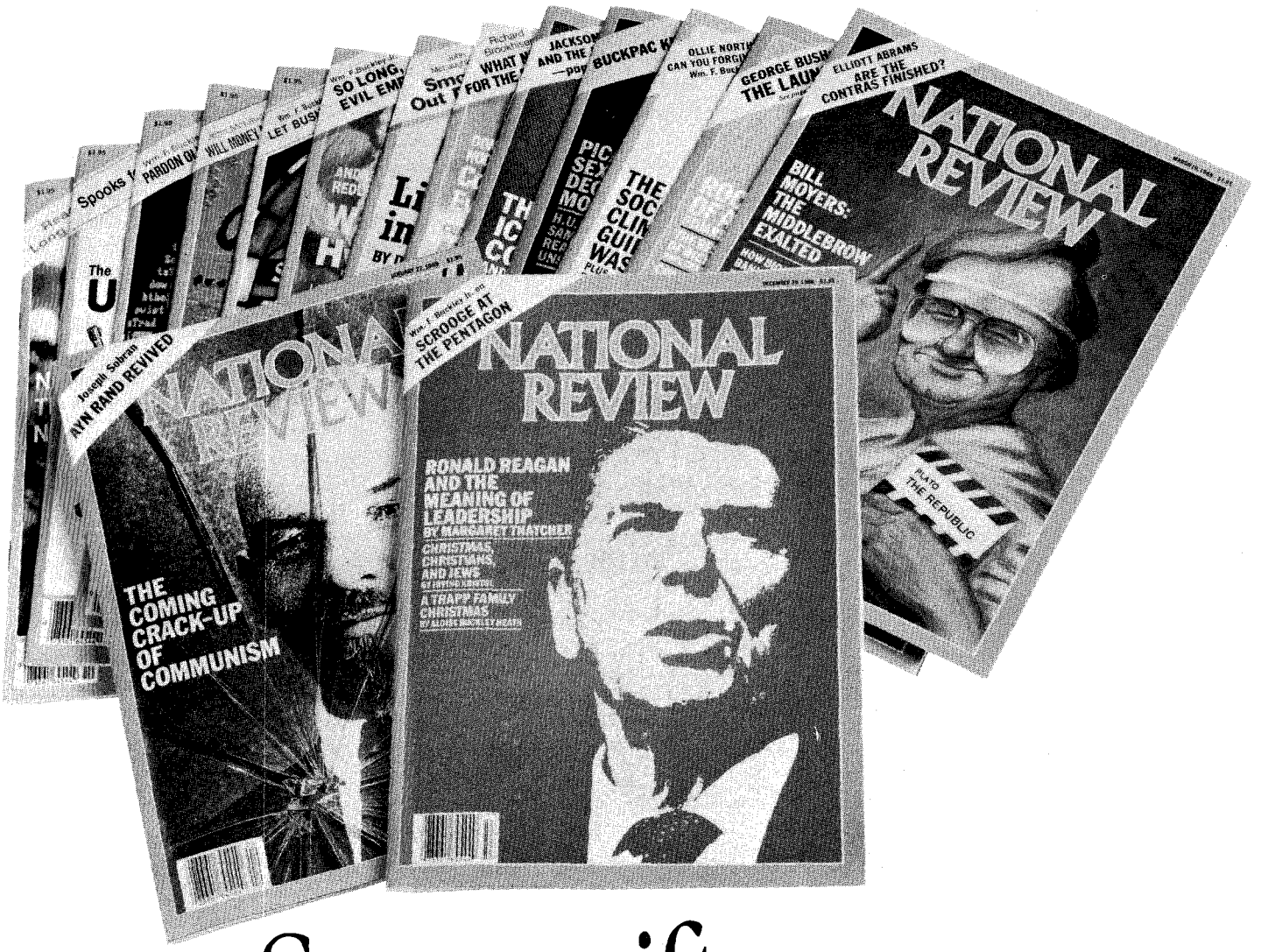

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have been forced either to give up the possibility of successfully prosecuting such cases, or to get out of the business of collecting intelligence on domestic subversion.

Nothing very important about Hoover and the Bureau can be learned by treating the FBI story as a bureaucratic case study or an episode in the history of civil liberties—any more than a study of Eisenhower and the invasion of Europe is going to succeed if it ignores Hitler and insists that the real story was Ike's violations of the rules of war and military justice. The FBI story is a key chapter in the great saga of America's role in the history of the twentieth century. Take that story out of context, and you have missed the entire point. □

EVOLUTIONARY ECONOMICS

Tom Bethell

The Fatal Conceit: The Errors of Socialism, by F. A. Hayek, edited by W. W. Bartley III (University of Chicago, 180 pp., $24.95)

FRIEDRICH HAYEK'S great insight, dating from the 1930s, was that socialism would not work as advertised, because the central planning authority entrusted with organizing production never would have at its disposal the information needed to draw up intelligent plans or to issue anything other than arbitrary commands. Nonetheless, a centrally controlled state would be able to exercise tyrannical power. And so socialist societies were doomed to poverty and slavery. Central planning was "the road to serfdom."

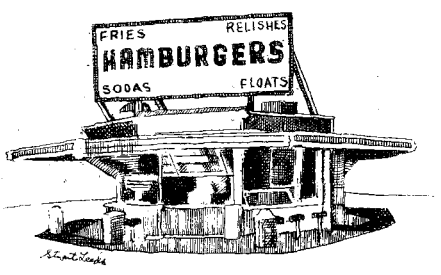
Subsequent events have proved Hayek right. Central plans can be implemented only if individuals are prevented from carrying out their local plans. But information is itself mostly a "local" commodity. Most things that people know are close to home, and this knowledge is mostly carried about inside their heads. It cannot be transferred to a central planning board hundreds (or even tens) of miles away. Therefore, preventing people from using the knowledge in their heads will idle most existing information. People under planning are expected to be obedient, like soldiers in an army. They are expected to switch the "computers" inside their heads to the "slave" position.

In *The Fatal Conceit*, Hayek makes the converse argument. The "extended order" of a capitalist society uses far more information than any one person or planning authority can grasp. Since this order cannot be foreseen, and is "generated without design," it can be said to "evolve spontaneously." But this only occurs when people conform "to certain traditional and largely moral practices," or rules. (Hayek discussed these rules in his *Constitution of Liberty*; here he merely says that they "deal with" private property, honesty, contract, exchange, cooperation, and so on.) And so capitalism arises through a "process of self-organization," which resembles (Hayek believes) the evolution of organisms in nature. Thus he moves onto the terrain of evolutionary theory, which has increasingly preoccupied him in recent years.

In one sense it is true that the modern capitalist order really did "evolve." It developed step by step, with the steps and the outcome unforeseen by anyone. But the claim that the gradual global spread of this form of society is a matter of the "evolutionary selection—the comparative increase of population and wealth—of those groups that happen to follow" the right rules goes much further than this and cannot be sustained.

The phrase "evolutionary selection" suggests a mechanism that inexorably overrides human will: those societies that follow the rules of the spontaneous order will grow richer and more populous, and so other modes of social organization will be pre-empted. It is certainly true that societies following Hayekian rules will get richer, but this initially uneven prosperity has a way, sometimes, of provoking socialist revolution; or perhaps I should call it counter-evolution.

In the Russia of 1907, for example, Prime Minister Pyotr Stolypin was implementing Hayek-approved rules. Private ownership of property was rapidly expanding, and the country was growing richer. By 1908 Lenin knew that he was in a race against time with Stolypin (who was assassinated in 1911). There followed World War I and the calamity of the Bolshevik revolution—a contradiction of the spontaneous order. Much the same thing happened in Cuba in the 1950s: the country's growing prosperity culminated in an abrupt spasm of tyranny. Thirty years later the tyrant responsible for this disaster still prospers.



In the light of such conflicting outcomes, one can only say that Hayek's theory of social evolution is true—sometimes.

Hayek says that economic competition "is a procedure of discovery, a procedure involved in all evolution." But here he is on very shaky ground. The best guess of the intelligent entrepreneur is not at all the same thing as the random mutation that is the only source of diversity admitted by a biology that fiercely shuns all teleology. The start-up company in Silicon Valley is not just a roll of the dice. That's Reno. Hayek's theory does not distinguish between intelligence and chance.

Nonetheless, Hayek is onto something important when he argues that "Darwin got the basic idea of evolution from economics." Darwin was reading Adam Smith "just when, in 1838, he was formulating his own theory." Bertrand Russell said much the same thing. Darwin's theory of natural selection, Russell wrote, was "the extension of laissez-faire economics to the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

For about seventy years now we have all been indoctrinated to believe that biological Darwinism came first and was pure, good, and true; and that Social Darwinism was its corruption—wicked and false. Actually, there's no doubt that laissez-faire economics really did come first. Darwin unconsciously borrowed from it. What is more surprising is that Social Darwinism may one day be recognized as embodying a truth that is absent from Darwinism itself. With socialist economies collapsing everywhere, a theory of Social Darwinism can now be stated in such a way that those who oppose it might seem more ideological than those who espouse it: Societies in which firms are permitted to compete

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(i.e., to "adapt") without subsidy or bailout will be more prosperous *and will enjoy greater social harmony* than all others. By contrast Darwinism proper may be almost completely vacuous—not so much false as unfalsifiable. Since Darwin failed to specify a criterion of fitness that is independent of survival, his supposed mechanism of evolution ("the survival of the fittest") is reduced to tautology: the survival of survivors.

Hayek's theory of an evolving spontaneous order would be falsified by the existence of societies that broadly shun Hayekian rules and then either prosper or grow more populous than those that adopt such rules. Inconveniently, Islamic nations, which do not enjoy the rule of law (all-important in Hayek's scheme), have the world's fastest-growing populations. Moreover, Soviet-bloc countries are growing slightly faster than developed, Western countries. The subject is enormously complex, however. "Communist countries such as Russia would be starving today if their populations were not kept alive by the Western world," Hayek correctly claims. These countries are sustained not merely by subsidies and loans but by the price data, available for them to utilize, that would not exist at all in the absence of market economies. Arab countries likewise harbor enclaves where Western rules are tolerated and sufficient oil revenues generated to subsidize their indigenous populations.

Hayek is right to suggest, as he does several times, that if socialism were to be imposed worldwide "the life itself of a large proportion of our existing population" would be threatened. In short order, billions of people would die of starvation. For this reason, there is no chance that socialism will be freely adopted anywhere. It can only be imposed by force. Perhaps that is all Hayek means when he says that the market order "evolves."

Hayek's observations about the market order, the unwritten (barely understood) rules that make it possible, and the extraordinary, ceaseless hostility it has evoked from intellectuals are of exceptional interest. This is the key terrain of what used to be called political economy. For decades it has been shamefully neglected by an economics profession that a century ago did not have the courage to resist the socialist onslaught and to this day has not recovered the confidence to do much more than play about with equations in the academic sandlots. And so, to a degree that must have surprised even him, Hayek has had the field to himself. He is one of the small number of modern economists who have not been afraid to don the robes of the philosopher. My only complaint is that he could have done it all just as well, and perhaps better, without reference to biology or evolution. □

A MIRROR OF THE TIMES

M. E. Bradford

Columbia Literary History of the United States, edited by Emory Elliott et al. (Columbia, 1,384 pp., $59.95)

FORTY YEARS AGO, under the general editorship of Robert E. Spiller of the University of Pennsylvania, the Macmillan Company published the magisterial *Literary History of the United States*, which, with its supplements, set the standard for works of its kind. The new *Columbia Literary History* is therefore a very optimistic performance. For, with a team of some seventy authorities, it aspires to do for this demanding and obstreperous generation of American scholars what Spiller and his associates did for theirs—attempts this while acknowledging that it can no longer be done. But the new history does make its claims, presenting itself as more ambitious than its predecessor, larger in scope, self-consciously "reconstructed" in the mixture of interpretative strategies it struggles to combine in understanding the sequence and multiplicity of serious American writing. Though its editors postulate "diversity, complexity, and contradiction" as the necessary implication of their labors and assume overtly that "no unifying vision of a national identity" can be achieved, they believe their book to be advantaged by its own internal divisions. Even a working "consensus," they say, would mean "closure." These attitudes make forty years seem like a very great while.

There are, to be sure, chapters in the *Columbia Literary History* that any editor of such a volume would be delighted to include: chapters that truly contribute to the study of American literature by making a fresh assessment of an author or group of authors. I specifically recommend essays on Mark Twain, Washington Irving, Herman Melville, James Fenimore Cooper, William Faulkner, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Interesting treatments of Afro-American literature and the modern American poets Frost, Pound, Stevens, Williams, and Eliot are also included, as well as fine discussions of early American literature. General essays on "Thomas Jefferson and the Writing of the South" (Lewis P. Simpson), "The Emergence of Modernism" (Quentin Anderson), and "Culture and Consciousness" (Warner Berthoff) are so well executed as to have independent merit, above and beyond their contribution to the collective enterprise.

What finally marks this book, however, is not those chapters that could have appeared in Spiller, but those that could not. For the intervals of illumination I have signaled are surrounded by lengthy stretches of banality and obfuscation—criticism disdainful of its primary expository obligation and animated by that variety of anachronism identified by Allen Tate as "provincialism in time." Treating as it does all writing as an act of self-

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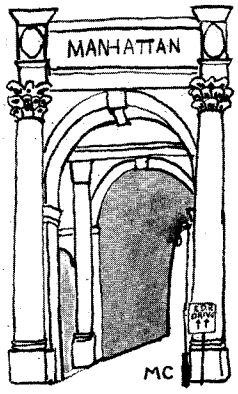
assertion, an overflow of injured feelings, or a species of artful aggression against the reader, such criticism denies the very possibility of literature per se, literature as a form of knowledge. In this calculus, the struggle for status between sexes, races, and classes is what signifies, and all texts are to be understood as existing primarily to speak of such topical concerns. All evaluative comment, all talk of good and bad in poetry and fiction, raises forbidden aesthetic questions. According to the politicized, psychologized, anthropological view of the enterprise, formal explication, like the objects of its attention, is only rhetoric; and critical insistence on a preference for certain books over others is (in the phrase of Richard Ohmann) a "social strategy," a misleading disguise of "the will to dominate."



In the first four sections of the *Columbia Literary History* there is much of this sort of inert, myopic, and tendentious material: treatments of modern American poetry as a story of "liberation" from the tyranny of literary tradition; wrongheaded, neo-abolitionist commentary on those gifted social conservatives, the Southwestern frontier humorists; simplistic discussions of nineteenth-century social discourse and nonfiction prose that ignore almost completely the major Southern documents of that period; and an essay on regionalism in American literature that dismisses Western writing as "all future and mobility." Cary Nelson's "The Diversity of American Poetry" is little more than a New Left canard, political criticism unrelieved by other concerns and priorities. Wendy Martin on Emily Dickinson is a caricature of feminist reductionism. Donald McQuade's survey of American intellectual life in the first half of this century is exceptionally narrow in its range. Faulkner aside, the major Southern novelists are neglected throughout—while almost every voice of anger, outrage, and *ressentiment* is given respectful acknowledgment. But, irritating as these oversights and misconstructions must seem, the worst of this big book appears in its fifth and final section, which covers the years from 1945 to the present. Indeed, as a general rule, the more current the subject matter of these essays, the more eccentric and (outside of New York/Boston/California) implausible their content.

A clear indication of how little concern for literature itself is to be found in the "new literary history" appears in Catherine R. Stimpson's essay "Literature as Radical Statement." Of course, Miss Stimpson offers no real judgment of the rhetorical artistry of the works considered, of the difference between honest outrage and outrage affected for the sake of moral advantage. What she offers instead is a rehearsal of familiar attitudes and postures—when in fact no such commentary should even appear in what purports to be a history of literature. The same might be said of James Breslin's survey of recent American verse. His discussion resembles nothing so much as an old-fashioned melodrama, featuring young writers beset by the "anxiety of influence," in rebellion against their "intimidating literary grandfathers." Playing out this scenario, in due course Breslin's subjects dethrone the ruling elders of the New Criticism and the writers these hierarchs most admired. Thus, tradition is disestablished and the spirit of "romantic organicism" released to follow without hindrance "where airy voices lead." But what its votaries discover is only the many versions of self. As the "happy ending" of all this uplifting process, Breslin presents us with Kenneth Rexroth, Allen Ginsberg, and the Beats. Or Charles Olson, Gary Snyder, John Berryman, Anne Sexton, Sylvia Plath, Robert Duncan, Robert Bly, and the later poems of Robert Lowell. After Yeats and Pound and Eliot, Frost and Stevens, Ransom and Tate, what a liberation was this!

Because of the mélange of irreconcilable approaches represented in the *Columbia Literary History*, it is reminiscent of the cacophony and shrillness of recent gatherings of the Modern Language Association of America: a mirror of the present condition of my profession. What is troubling in these assemblies is that, like this book, they signify a tolerance for and willingness to indulge those cultural barbarians, whose only purpose in writing about literature is to defame and reduce it, to break up its commonwealth into unrelated fragments. Those who are appointed to cherish and understand the inheritance of American literature are, it is clear, prepared to share their responsibility with those who see in it only a reproach to their hatred for all cultural prescription: a reproach *and a target*. This abdication is the equivalent of entrusting an art museum to those vandals who regularly attack great paintings because they are made to feel inferior by them. It is a failure of the nerve brought about by those egalitarian passions that so thoroughly dominate academic life as we know it. "The best lack all conviction, while the worst / Are full of passionate intensity . . ." What will happen next we can foresee. □

AN AMPHIBIAN JOURNEY

Chilton Williamson Jr.

Billy Bathgate, by E. L. Doctorow (Random House, 323 pp., $19.95)

IT WAS THE Modernists who first taught us—the Post-Modernists continue the instruction—that writing, to qualify as literature, must be by bourgeois standards unreadable. In this assumption they were—they are—wrong. There is no reason at all why an honest and skillfully constructed book should not be pleasing to what Regina O'Connor (mother of Flannery) called "a lot—*a lot!*" of people, as well as respectable in the eyes of competent literary critics. Before the advent of Modernism, the appearance of such books was a fairly regular occurrence. Raymond Chandler wrote: "When a book, any sort of book, reaches a certain intensity of artistic performance, it becomes literature. That intensity may be a matter of style, situation, character, emotional tone, or idea, or half a dozen other things. It may also be a perfection of control over the movement of a story similar to the control a great pitcher has over the ball. . . . Every page throws the hook for the next. I call this a kind of genius." Hence there is no reason—theoretically speaking—why *Billy Bathgate*, a wildly acclaimed novel by a man who has made a great deal of

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money writing novels, should not be literature in the sense in which Chandler understood the word. No reason, that is, except that this particular novelist happens to be E. L. Doctorow.

It is a long time since I have looked at a novel so shamelessly commercial in general intent and so tediously pretentious in execution; so ineffably vulgar and so insufferably boring, to the point where turning over the page becomes, after the first thirty, a daunting, indeed almost impossible, chore. The story—the peregrination of a "capable" boy who puts his talents as a juggler in service to Dutch Schultz, the New York hoodlum of the Depression era, a time when, "as bad as things were, America was a big juggling act and . . . we could all be kept up in the air somehow"—is freighted with possibility, which goes, nevertheless, substantially unrealized. Intensity in *anything* is just what is *not* characteristic of *Billy Bathgate*, where Mr. Doctorow is writing almost entirely out of control most of the way through this narrative of 323 pages, from any one of which the only satisfactory hook would be one thrown instantly ahead for the last.

In *Billy Bathgate* Mr. Doctorow exhibits a lot of problems no novelist needs, the most radical of them a problem with language in general and with diction in particular. If Billy were not described in the flap copy as "an urban Tom Sawyer," I probably would have made nothing of the fact that he has a girlfriend named Becky and that he belongs to a gang (of which he is not, however, the organizer but merely the coffee-gofer).* The truth is, Billy Bathgate is not a character in this book at all: he is the author, trying with desperate ineptitude to make a novel. Whether because Billy is simply an insufficiently imagined personality, or because Doctorow was incapable of fashioning a narrative technique appropriate to his book, or both, the protagonist's first-person voice remains from start to finish a ludicrously discordant mélange of disparate levels of tone and language. Doctorow seems to have wanted to achieve a modernistic overvoice, combining idiomatic streetwise talk with the idealized speech of the contemplative psyche. Instead, he has produced a tortuous arrangement—or non-arrangement—of run-on sentences created by the simplistic expedient of substituting commas where end-stops should go, all of it compromised beyond hope by stilted literary usage bumping up against what we are invited to accept as the dialect of 1930s gangsterdom (there is more of the recognizable idiom of the underworld of that period in a single paragraph by Chandler than in the whole of *Bathgate*), while point of view is abandoned to fluctuate wildly between that of the barefoot boy of the slums and the urban sophisticate. Thus Doctorow, plugging Billy into his Barefoot Gangster mode, does not neglect to have him snarl, "the f-----s," from time to time, or to remark that something or another is "a real son of a bitch." In between, we get "literary" passages like this one:

> So there we are, three o'clock in the morning and tearing up Route 22 out of the city, miles into the mountains where I have never been before, I am sitting up front next to Mickey the driver, and Mr. Schultz and the lady are in the back with glasses of champagne in their hands. . . . It has been a long night in my education, but there is more to come, I am going into mountains, Mr. Schultz is showing me the world, he is a subscription to the *National Geographic Magazine* except the only tits I've seen are white, I've seen the contours of the ocean bed and the contours of the white Miss Drew and now I see the contours of the black mountains. I understand for the first time the place of the city in the world, it should have been obvious but I had never realized it . . . it is a station on the amphibian journey, it is where we come out sliming, it is where we bask and feed and make our tracks and do our dances and leave our coprolitic [!] spires, before moving on into the black mountains of high winds and no rain. And what I hear . . . is . . . the tires' humslick on the damp highway . . . all of it really the protesting circuitry of my brain.

In the final pages of the novel we are told that Billy, after abandoning the criminal milieu, attended an Ivy League college, where, presumably, he learned to use words such as "coprolitic," but this bit of information, if it is an explanation at all, is purely a sociological one; certainly it provides no sort of artistic justification for the foregoing passage.

Finally, Doctorow's difficulties with language and character prove to be inextricable from one another. Here, for example, is an exchange between an upper-class couple in their luxurious apartment in a Fifth Avenue residence hotel:

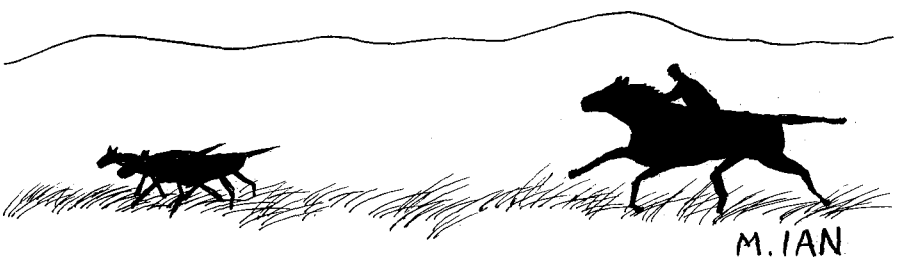
> "I speak of order, of the need for some order," the fellow Harvey said, although clearly without hope of prevailing. "You're going to destroy us all," he muttered. "I mean a bit of scandal is not the point, is it? You're a very clever, very naughty little hellion, but there are limits, my darling, there really are. You're going to get in over your head and then what will you do? Wait for me to come to the rescue?"
>
> "That is a laugh and a half."

And here is Dutch himself speaking:

> "Goddamnit counselor what do I pay you for! . . . All you have to do is make the deal, it's very simple isn't it, a simple deal, all this legal bullshit you're giving me, why can't you just do what you're supposed to do and stop dicking me, I'm dying here, I could go to law school myself and pass the bar in every state of the union waiting for you to move your ass."

Not the least of a multitude of reasons for the failure of *Billy Bathgate* is Doctorow's own failure to demonstrate in Mr. Schultz the kind of charisma necessary to bring a star-struck boy of 15 to him in the first place. (At least the flap copy doesn't instruct me to look for parallels in the ambiguous relationship between Nick Carraway and Jay Gatsby—or Gatz.)

Nor does language—his language—come to the aid of Mr. Doctorow as he attempts the construction of a



*Most of the reviewers have taken him for an urban Huck Finn. I make no attempt to resolve this significant literary controversy.

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scene; time after time, good dramatic materials are squandered, dribbled away, beneath avalanches of appalling rhetoric, run-on sentences, false poetry, and fake gusto. Doctorow does not know how to use words to create tensions, patterns of force, and he has a fish's eye for what Ezra Pound called the Luminous Detail (even in History, shards of which he scatters inartistically across his literary wasteland). "Poetry," Hugh Kenner has remarked, "walk[s] on the borders of the nonsensical." To which insight, I guess, we owe the following:

> But as I say it was a kind of enlistment, I had walked in and signed up. And the first thing you learn is there are no ordinary rules of the night and day, there are just different kinds of light, granules of degree, and so no reason to have more or less to do in one than in another. The blackest quietest hour was only a kind of light.

The second half of the novel is perceptibly better than the first, but the conclusion—in which Billy, having accepted his child (by Schultz's former mistress) in a basket from the hands of the lady's chauffeur ("and I didn't know what I thought it was, laundry or something"), is able to recreate the family his father abandoned, and in the process to cure his poor mad mother—is absurd. There are a few good moments in the book (as when Schultz, "poping" in order to gain favor with a rival Italian mob, "nearly jump[s] out of his skin" when the don, his sponsor, lays a hand on his shoulder during the baptism) and even a few good lines, perhaps the best of them falling to Billy himself as he muses on the grandeur of the hit man: "You are the raised fist in his darkness, you will fell him from his ignorance, it will cost him his life to know what you know." In general, however, Doctorow would have been wiser to have abided by an ancient piece of wisdom: If you don't have it, don't flaunt it. □

FILM

PLUM DANISH

John Simon

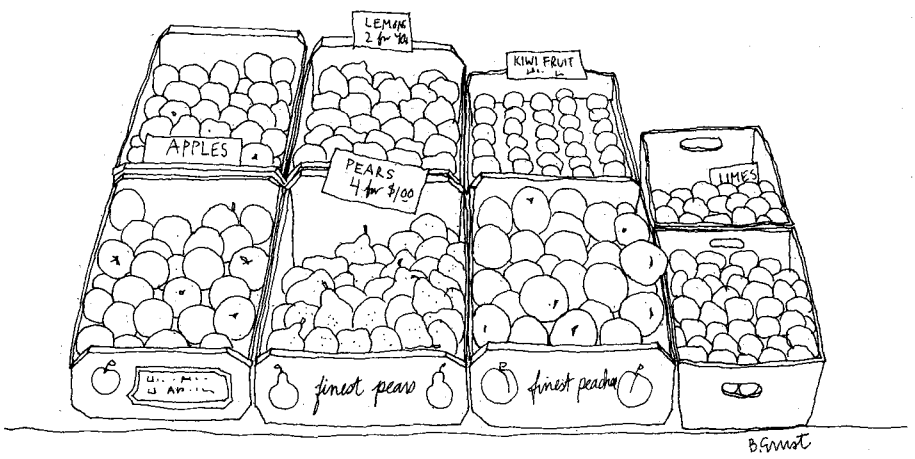
BILLE AUGUST's film *Pelle the Conqueror* won the Golden Palm in Cannes and the Oscar for best foreign film of 1988. The remarkable thing is that, despite these awards, it is a very good film. This adaptation of the first volume of a four-part work by the Danish novelist Martin Andersen Nexø is roughly comparable to Jan Troell's magisterial *The Emigrants* and *The New Land*. Though not quite so brilliant and wrenching as its Swedish counterparts, the Danish film (which August intends as the first installment of the full work) is a humane, beautifully constructed, and gracefully executed piece of moviemaking, an unmelodramatic but touching tribute to the defeats and victories of lowly people, and thus the sort of thing that is least likely to succeed in this country. That it has already been playing for a while and may, thanks to the Academy Award it received, maintain itself longer on our screens is a heartening sign.

Pelle, a boy of 11 or so, and his aging father, Lasse Karlsson, a widower, are emigrants from Sweden to Denmark, where, to believe Lasse's tales, a boy's life is all play, bread is buttered, and a man like Lasse might even get Sunday breakfast in bed. "We must not accept the first job offered us," Lasse declares when awakened from his drunken sleep by Pelle as the migrant-laden ship pulls into port. (Andersen Nexø wrote his semiautobiographical novel between 1906 and 1910, but the action must take place in the 1860s.) Already with its opening sequences, the movie scores.

There is, first, the superb cinematography of the Swedish cameraman Jörgen Persson, best remembered for the films of Bo Widerberg, notably *Elvira Madigan* and *Ådalen '31*. The way that shadowy clipper emerges from the morning mists in an evocative slow dissolve from long shot to medium shot against a grey-white background resonates with recollections of maritime myths. There follow shots of huddled emigrants on deck, then the hopefully rosy face of Pelle (Pelle Hvenegaard, whose mother named him after *this* Pelle) and the alcohol-incarnadined countenance of Lasse as he is shaken awake. A few brief shots, a bit of dialogue, and we are well into plot, characterization, and the populist ideology of the (then socialist) author. The director knows his job.

And forthwith the next glory of the film, its acting. Pelle Hvenegaard won out over four thousand other boys for this part, which he well deserved. He may be almost too good-looking, but he doesn't coast on that; he acts with an open, unaffected straightforwardness, as innocent as a freshly unwrapped pack of butter. And as Lasse, there is the hero of Troell's films (and of so many of Bergman's), the great Max von Sydow. One of the finest actors of this or any time, Sydow has the kind of face that is (to quote Martin Walser's *Messmers Gedanken*) "a door through which you can come in but not go out." That most elegant and well-spoken of actors assumes here a weather-beaten, bloodshot aspect and a drink-sodden, gravelly voice to give us an unforgettable Lasse: a pawky poltroon, self-deflating blowhard, poetic liar—a weak, well-meaning, foolish fellow, as likable as he is fallible, whom Pelle must, and does, learn to outgrow.

Take the scene of the landing in Denmark, with numerous prospective employers driving up to this slave market to haul away their chosen serfs. Proudly Lasse touts himself and his



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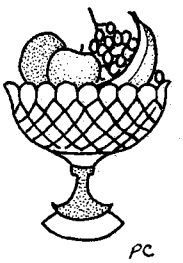
son, only to be told repeatedly—by those who don't just ignore him—that he is too old and the boy too young. Ever more dejectedly—and touchingly—he keeps telling Pelle they must not accept the first offer that comes along as the chaos around them thins out and the square is finally empty except for the hunched figure of Pelle, in long shot and silhouette, seated on a suitcase, around him a sunny cityscape and harbor view. One last employer drives up in a carriage; Lasse crapulously staggers out of a pub to meet him. It is wonderful to watch Sydow conquer his tipsy smile and titubation to assume an air of unsteady dignity. He and Pelle are driven to Stone Farm by the martinet-like Manager, there to work for the owner, Kongstrup, a notorious womanizer, and his wretched, loving wife whom he has driven to drink. Under the draconian supervision of the Manager and his mean-spirited deputy, the Trainee, the workers toil amid terrible conditions.



Covering just one volume of Andersen Nexø's huge novel, even granted the 150 minutes' playing time, requires the film to hop along expeditiously. August wrote the screenplay with the help of that fine Swedish writer Per Olof Enquist, and it is an exemplar of how to get maximum plot into minimum time. Even without reading the book, one senses the determined and dexterous technique involved in not allowing all that foreshortening to foreclose on lucidity, continuity, and poignance. A subplot such as the tragic love affair between a rich young man and a pretty menial at Stone Farm is edited down to within an inch of its marrow (never mind bone), yet it works shatteringly. Again, the subplot about Kongstrup, his mistresses, and his suffering wife is handled with amazing succinctness and evocativeness: Kongstrup's last romance and its tragicomic consequences are told in virtual jump cuts, yet the pathos, horror, and black humor are all there; note how sparely and suggestively Kongstrup's final fallen state is conveyed.

The strength of any film is its rhythm, and rhythm is what *Pelle* excels in. Despite the breakneck (but not break-sense) storytelling, whenever slowing down is needed, the film knows how to exploit near-stasis. Thus the meeting of the tragic young lovers at the well; thus, too, the scene in which Pelle rejects the job of trainee: rubato could not be put to better use. Pelle was just being outfitted with the trainee's white smock—the tailor was basting it on the awed boy before his exulting father—when a crucial incident has Pelle run out into the wintry courtyard and look on in helpless heartbreak. The camera lingers on the stunned boy in white in front of white Stone Farm, in front of the greater snowy whiteness beyond. There is the unfinished white smock flapping in the wind—symbol of privilege and authority that Pelle refuses. Snow, ice, the mist-covered sea: much of *Pelle* is about whiteness—the fierce, hostile pallor of a chillingly unyielding world.

Which returns us to Persson's cinematography. Note, for instance, the hues of a dawn sky: strips of the palest green, yellow, rose—subtle, almost subliminal, and quite sublime. Or take that entire final leavetaking, which movingly continues through the closing titles: Stone Farm in the Nordic pre-dawn light, with the buildings and a clump of trees etched in spidery tracery on a bleached-out background: one of the rare moments on film when reality turns into evocative abstraction. But as Pelle escapes, bits of hopeful color on land and sea break realistically, vivifyingly through.

And how marvelous are the supporting players. Consider, for example, Björn Granath, who plays Erik, another Swedish laborer at the farm. Beefy and often stolid, Erik is also the embodiment of defiance with his raucous humor and hope of emancipation. He sustains Pelle even when he himself succumbs to a fate worse than tragic—grotesquely ironic, abjectly ludicrous. Granath, a bovine Scandinavian W. C. Fields, acts with childlike simplicity and wrenching transparence; we are allowed to see repressed feelings mount in this slow but good man like a colored liquid carefully poured into a bottle. Or consider the *con sordino* acting of Astrid Villaume as Mrs. Kongstrup: both her agonies and her triumph are played with the mute pedal depressed—and how depressingly right it all is! And how fine, too, is funny-looking young Troels Rasmussen as the troll- or faun-like bastard son of Kongstrup who brings a much-needed panic element into the outdoor scenes. Yet even here the director wisely opts for understatement.

Not the least virtue of the film is the courage to leave some things unexplained. Which does not mean that the clues aren't there; only that, unlike in most Hollywood films, the audience is not absolved from thinking. The feeling in *Pelle* is so personal and intense—Andersen Nexø was himself, like his boy hero, a downtrodden cowherd—that the director does not need to editorialize; it suffices to use images imaginatively. Take, for example, the

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carriage imagery. When Lasse and Pelle come to Stone Farm, August shoots across the trotting horse's croup and head onto the landscape opening up in newness and (misplaced) hope. When Kongstrup rides forth in pursuit of pleasure, we usually see the carriage in profile, spreading possessively across the frame and scenery. Twice, when a sympathetic character is carted off to his doom, the last shot is from the rear, with the carriage a prison cell from which the victim stares back in a last, soundless call for help.

But the concluding words of praise must go to Max von Sydow. There is a scene near the end where his misery is shot almost entirely from the back, his face only briefly, partially visible. Yet there is more ineffable wretchedness in that rear view, as Lasse weeps in terminal defeat, than other actors could give us in full frontal closeup and twice the amount of time. Almost unprecedentedly, Sydow, though in a foreign-language film, was nominated for an Oscar. Of course it went

THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

SPEAKING at the University of Virginia this past December, Ronald Reagan conceded that perhaps the greatest disappointment of his Presidency was his failure to favorably resolve the crisis in Central America. Far from diminishing in intensity, the conflict has widened in recent years as the Sandinistas have been permitted to retain power in Nicaragua, becoming the region's leading source of Communist insurgency. Indeed, as James R. Whelan and Franklin A. Jaeckle argue in their new book, *The Soviet Assault on America's Southern Flank* (Regnery Gateway, $17.95), "The very stability and safety of the United States itself is at greater risk now from our southern flank than ever before in our history." In some four hundred pages of text, the authors provide a comprehensive overview of the current situation and dispel many of the myths generated by our own news media.

It is easy to forget that as recently as the mid 1970s, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua enjoyed political stability and previously unknown levels of economic prosperity, and were firmly allied with the United States. Conditions in Central America, as elsewhere, took a sharp turn for the worse after Jimmy Carter became President in 1977. The authors point out that "Carter brought to the Presidency an innocence of historical perspective perhaps without parallel among our modern Presidents. . . . Carter approached every new international crisis as if it had no roots." Carter made "human rights" the theme of his foreign policy. In practice, this theme became an ideological bludgeon to be used against governments—many of them with a long record of friendship with the U.S.—that fell into disfavor with the New Left activists who filled the policy-making ranks of the Carter Administration.

El Salvador, Guatemala, and Nicaragua were among the first targets of Carter's human-rights crusade—of which, as one unfortunate government after another underwent U.S.-supported "destabilization," Communist guerrillas emerged as the prime beneficiaries. After four years of Jimmy Carter, Central America stood transformed, torn by Marxist insurgency and deteriorating economic conditions. In their review of the current scene, Whelan and Jaeckle demonstrate that Nicaragua, under the Carter- and Castro-backed Sandinista regime, has undergone an economic collapse of catastrophic proportions: real income per capita was more than eight times as high in 1979—Somoza's last year in power—as it is today.

Despite the poverty of their subjects, however, the Sandinistas have acquired the military means to spread their brand of Marxist revolution, and its attendant chaos, well beyond the borders of Nicaragua. Since 1980, the USSR has poured twice as much military aid into Nicaragua as the U.S. has sent to the other four Central American states combined. According to Major Roger Miranda Bengoechea (who was chief aide in the Sandinista defense ministry when he defected to the U.S. in 1987), the Soviets have promised to underwrite Nicaragua's military expansion to the point where, by the early 1990s, the Sandinistas will be able to field a well-equipped army of six hundred thousand.

Whelan and Jaeckle stress that the turmoil in which Nicaragua threatens to engulf more and more of Central America could well spill over into Mexico, a country already debilitated by decades of misrule. Needless to say, if social and economic conditions in Mexico deteriorate much further, the present silent invasion of Mexican "feet people," which already brings more than a million illegal immigrants into the U.S. each year, could become a tidal wave. (In the meantime, it is interesting to note that while the U.S. continues to debate the wisdom of securing its southern border against any manner of incursion, in 1982 Mexico formed a quick-reaction force to defend its own southern border.)

Tomás Borge, the Sandinistas' minister of the interior, told *Newsweek* in 1983: "The battle for Nicaragua is not being waged in Nicaragua. It is being fought in the United States." Thus far, the Sandinistas have more than held their own, their cause championed in this country by a network of political and religious organizations that are well connected with both the Democratic Party and the national press. Aid to the anti-Communist elements, on the other hand, has amounted to only a fraction of that needed to overthrow the unpopular Sandinista regime. Don Simon, a military analyst cited by the authors, sums it up this way: "What we are doing now is something very immoral. We are giving the Contras just enough money to keep on bleeding and dying in the jungles without giving them enough to win."

In the end, it would certainly cost us less to deal with the Marxist threat in Central America now than to let the entire region become part of a Sandinista empire, thus sending even more millions of refugees streaming toward this country (already, more than 10 per cent of the population of El Salvador is living illegally in California and Texas). The information and insights contained in this book need to be widely disseminated in order to break the deadlock on U.S. policy—foreign *and* domestic. □

Mr. Lutton, who is covering "The Right Books" this issue, is a policy analyst writing from Washington, D.C.

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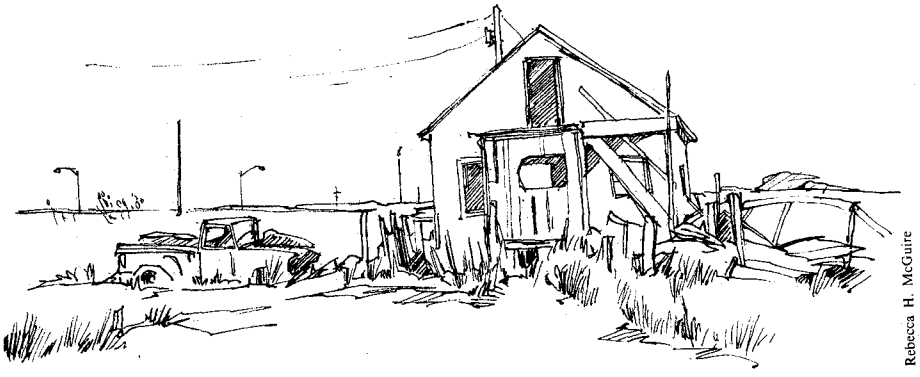
BOOKS IN BRIEF

Limits to Friendship: The United States and Mexico, by Robert A. Pastor and Jorge G. Castañeda (Knopf, 415 pp., $24.95)

EVERY NEWLY ELECTED U.S. President since Polk has announced after his inauguration that he intends to establish friendlier relations with Mexico. And in that effort every U.S. President has failed. Relations have varied slightly over time, but the range only extends from frosty to downright frigid. Even when the United States is rushing a multi-billion-dollar rescue package to snatch Mexico from the brink of financial collapse, as in 1982, Mexico remains, in Alan Riding's apt phrase, a "distant neighbor." And its rulers, as the authors make plain, intend to keep it that way. The reasons and emotions behind that attitude are foremost among the many fascinating aspects of U.S.-Mexican relations described in *Limits to Friendship*. The authors know both cultures intimately. Pastor was a Latin American expert in the Carter Administration. Castañeda is a brilliant young writer with top-level contacts in the Mexican government. The two write alternating chapters covering such topics as foreign policy, economic relations, and the social influences now moving the two countries toward uneasy convergence. Mexico's pro-Communist activities continually baffle, and often exasperate, the United States, but the authors explain why anti-*Yanquismo* is one of the three foundation stones of Mexican foreign policy. (The other two are non-intervention and self-determination.) Each of those principles is selectively applied. Mexico professes horror when the United States intervenes briefly in the Dominican Republic or Grenada, for example, but eagerly gives financial and moral support to Communist guerrillas fighting to overthrow the honestly elected government of El Salvador. At present, the United States' main interest in Mexico is to help it avoid collapse. It may come as a surprise to Americans, therefore, to learn that Mexico even now regards the U.S. as a greater threat to its independence than the Soviet Union, which continues to send shiploads of sophisticated weapons to its Latin American satellites. *Limits to Friendship* should be of interest to scholars on both sides of the border, and of especial value to business executives and editors who need to understand Mexico's current struggle to break out of its obsolete one-party political mold without violent revolution. ROBERT S. STROTHER

Fair Play: CBS, General Westmoreland, and How a Television Documentary Went Wrong, by Burton Benjamin (Harper & Row, 218 pp., $17.95)

SEVEN YEARS AGO CBS aired the now infamous documentary "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," which resulted in a $120-million lawsuit against the network by General William Westmoreland. Following a cover story in *TV Guide* calling the documentary a "smear," the heavies at CBS commissioned their colleague Burton Benjamin, a former director of CBS News, to do an internal investigation and find out if *TV Guide*'s charges were true. The result was *Fair Play*, in which, apart from a few quibbles, Benjamin supports the *TV Guide* assessment. His book is not at all the sort of institutional puff-piece one might expect from someone who has invested thirty years of his life in the network. Benjamin concludes that the program's thesis—that General Westmoreland had been part of a "conspiracy" to downgrade the CIA's estimates of enemy troop strength in order to give the impression that the U.S. was winning the war in Vietnam—was not proven. There were, says Benjamin, honest disagreements about the strength of the enemy forces. Moreover, in its zealous attempt to make its case, CBS News grievously compromised its own journalistic standards. For example, CBS paid $25,000 to a program consultant who for 14 years had been engaged in a fanatical crusade against Westmoreland; what's more, the program's producer, George Crile, knew it. The paid consultant even had an opportunity to rehearse his answers to softball interview questions, while General Westmoreland was given no such opportunity. CBS grilled Westmoreland with prosecutorial zeal and omitted testimony buttressing his points. CBS also pulled quotes out of context in order to imply that Westmoreland knew about a meeting that was crucial to proving the program's conspiracy theory—a meeting, it turned out, that Westmoreland knew nothing about. Westmoreland did not win his libel suit, because he is a public figure and, therefore, would have had to prove not just that the program was shoddy, unfair, or even inaccurate, but also that these defects stemmed from actual "malice." However, as Benjamin points out, even though CBS avoided losing the lawsuit, it nonetheless lost plenty of credibility. Benjamin himself is refreshingly non-ideological—an old-style newsman with no political axe to grind, genuinely concerned about balance, fairness, and accuracy. He implicitly raises important questions about the post-Watergate practice of thesis journalism, in which the reporter hunts for facts to confirm his preconceived theory, and rejects facts that don't. Regrettably, CBS News seems to have learned little from the Westmoreland affair or from Benjamin's damaging investigation. George Crile, the man most responsible for the notorious documentary, is still a producer at CBS, working with Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*. BENJAMIN HART



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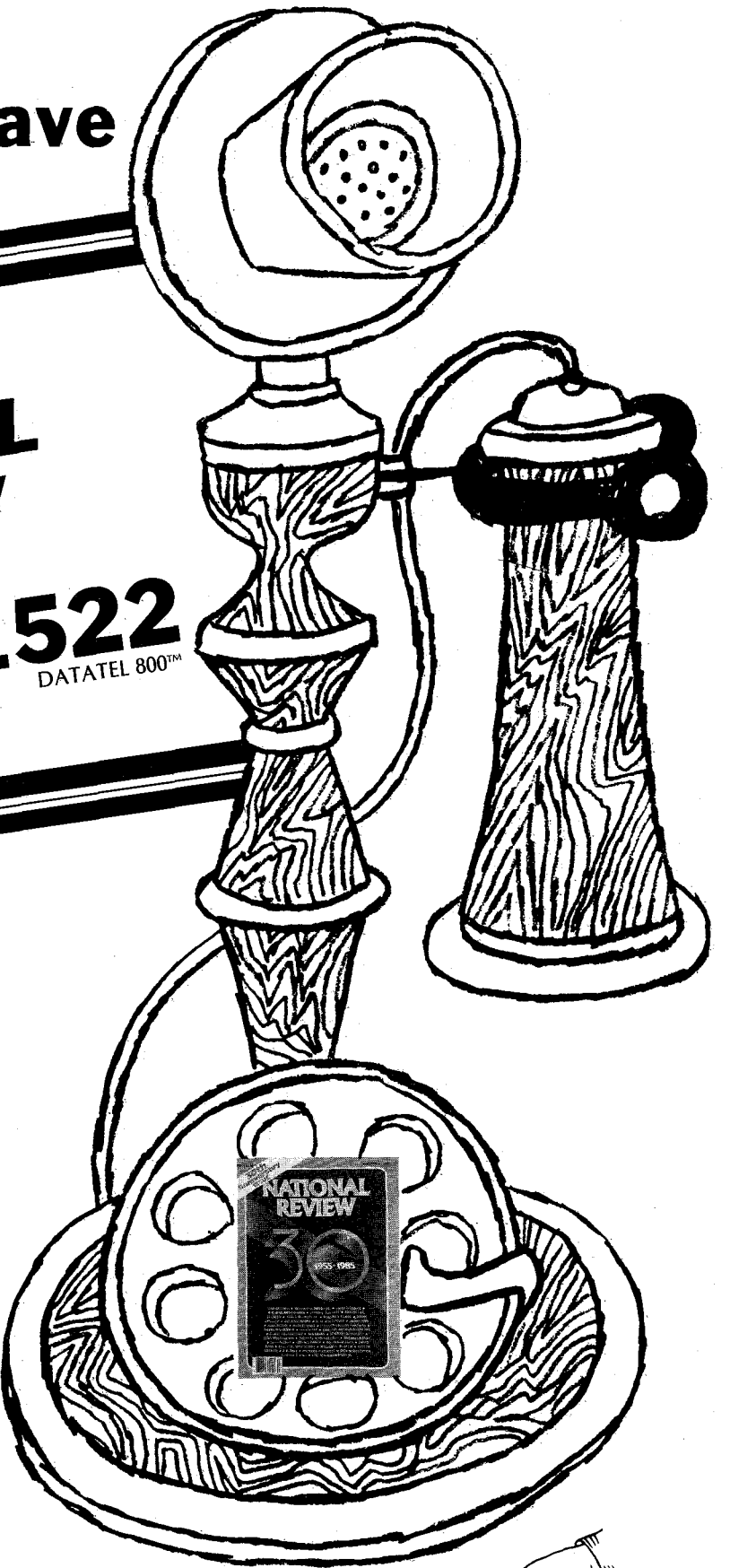

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ONE-MAN/ONE-VOTE GINGRICH

NEW YORK, MARCH 27

THE NARROW victory of Newt Gingrich for Republican Whip in the House of Representatives can be likened to a narrow victory a generation ago by the civil-rights alliance against Southerners and constitutionalists. The narrowness of victories at the parliamentary or electoral counting houses tends to disappear in meaning. The Lend Lease Act passed by one vote in 1941, but from that moment on the historical narrative was set in concrete: the United States would sooner or later enter the war, and on England's side. JFK beat Richard Nixon by three and a half votes, one of them Mayor Daley's: and it became the Kennedy decade. Newt Gingrich from Georgia, the official "firebrand," defeated Edward Madigan of Illinois, official conciliator, by 87 to 85. But we may be entering the Gingrich Republican decade.

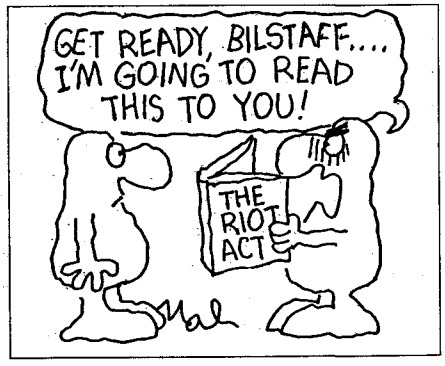
It is an engrossing coincidence that Gingrich's victory came on the same day the Supreme Court voted that New York City's Board of Estimate was an unconstitutional violation of one man, one vote. It struck many jurists as quite extraordinary that the Court voted unanimously against this powerful board, which for instance gives the Borough of Staten Island, with a population of 377,600, the same representation as Brooklyn gets, with its population of 2,309,600. When *Baker* v. *Carr* was decided in 1962, the vote was 6 to 2. That ruling decreed one man, one vote as a part of our constitutional patrimony. Now—as then—this continues to astonish Americans who were never taught that the Constitutional Convention that gave to Rhode Island the same weight in the Senate as it gave to New York really had in mind one man, one vote as a necessary feature of republican government.

But the tradition has apparently been accepted by the Supreme Court and it comes at just the time when Congressman Gingrich's resentment of the Democratic hegemony in the House begins to spread, after three presidential elections in which the Republicans have not failed to garner at least 51 per cent of the vote, while the Democrats, using a variety of stratagems, continue to control the House with robust majorities.

Now the majority of Republican congressmen became convinced that if the situation does not change after the 1990 census, we may as well think of the House of Representatives as a permanently Democratic body. I have mentioned a study last summer which revealed that there is a greater turnover in the House of Lords (from superannuation) than there is in the House of Representatives (where 99 per cent of the incumbents who ran for re-election were returned to office last November). That was not at all what Article I of the Constitution had in mind when it gave to Congress "all legislative powers," having carefully attended to guarding the individuality of the several states by giving them an equal vote in the Senate. The historical irony is that the Senate tends to reflect changing political inclinations much more faithfully than the House.

Newt Gingrich is a graduate of Emory, a first-class college, and of Tulane, a first-class university, where he got his doctorate in history, a subject he taught before coming to the House. He has always been a leader of striking originality and toughmindedness. He is determined that if the people of the United States prefer Republican government to Democratic government, as apparently they do, they should be given a constitutional opportunity to say so. In his own way he is as adamant as Martin Luther King. And when he took time off to insist that evasion of the re-election finance laws ought to apply not only to lowly congressmen but also to the Speaker of the House he faced a barrage from shocked fraternity brothers. But Gingrich had warmed up on Tip O'Neill, whose genial prodigality with the people's purse was accepted as, well, the good-old-boy way of doing things. Not so, said Gingrich; who went on to ask questions about Jim Wright the answers to which might well have the effect of unseating him. Armed now with the power of second-in-command of the minority, Gingrich is likely to pursue the question of Speaker Wright's conduct in a Congress that seems to have abandoned, with its extraordinary treatment of John Tower, any notion that sibling loyalties prevail over political opportunities.

The objective is: the 1990 census. The fat-and-rich Democratic gerrymanderers are going to find a dragon waiting there for them when they rev up for the decennial hanky-panky. Those interested in self-government should side with the dragon. □



LET THE JOY BE UNCONFINED

NEW YORK, MARCH 31

MANY YEARS AGO, the writer-philosopher-revolutionist Max Eastman stressed to me that voting is primarily a negative act. The vote in the Soviet Union last Sunday eloquently confirms that observation. The dissidents could not reasonably hope that the reforms of Arkady Murashev (he wants multi-party voting) would be adopted. Nor could Mr. Yeltsin (he wants Gorbachevism times ten) expect that, because he won 89 per cent of the vote notwithstanding that he had been officially reprimanded by Gorbachev as too advanced in the reforms he called for, he would become the political overlord of Moscow.

But oh-my-God, it was an exciting day. From it much is to be learned, but caution is also in order.

1. Both Lenin and—to an even greater degree—Mao set out to change the nature of man. Their common instructors, Marx-Engels, promulgated the view that that in human nature which tends to aggression is rooted in the institution of private property. Eliminate private property, and all derivative vices evanesce. There is no longer greed, acquisitiveness, envy. And so a new man is born, and that new man, because his behavior becomes exemplary, gradually reduces the need for an overseeing state. Little by little the state withers away, and paradise on earth is the result.

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Professor Donald Zagoria of Hunter College many years ago drew a shrewd distinction between the Soviet, and the Maoist, means of bringing about that internal human revolution. Under Stalin and his successors a list long but not infinitely long was drawn up of prohibited activities. Anything that was not prohibited could be engaged in. That left little interstices within which to maneuver. If the local soviet, for instance, did not get around to saying that you had to turn off your electric light by 11, why then you could keep it burning until midnight.

Maoism, Zagoria pointed out, was more comprehensive. Under Mao, everything was prohibited—except that which was specifically permitted. So that Mao-man needed permission to do anything he wished to do—to marry, to have a child, to travel to another part of the city. In China in 1972, pursuing President Nixon along with eighty other members of the press, we had from anyone we accosted these frozen replies to every question. "What would you like your son to be when he grows up?" James Michener asked a woman selling straw fans. "Whatever Chairman Mao wants him to be," she replied, smiling.

In Leningrad, ten years ago, conversing with the U.S. consul there, I asked about the home life of Grigory Romanov, Moscow's proconsul in Leningrad. The foreign-service officer said that no one even knew whether Romanov was married, so secretive were his habits. In Leningrad on Sunday the successor to Romanov was defeated even though he ran unopposed!

The experience last Sunday, together with scattered evidence that comes out of China, documents the failure of Communism to transform human nature. Yes, we all knew it. But it is now an official part of the Soviet record.

2. But democracy having delivered what we most want from it, we must not ask more. The enthusiasm our policymakers have for democracy tends to be undifferentiated. The Argentine voters never quite got around to repudiating Peronism, because voters at large cannot formulate a program and vote for a program. To begin with they don't know how to externalize the political dimensions of the program they want. Besides which, each voter is likely to attach a different emphasis to this or the other objective.

It is one thing to say that democracy may save Russia from Marxism, quite another to say that democracy is sufficient to civilize Russia. And although we have seen that, where tested, the people of the Soviet Union are sick unto death of the fate visited upon them by their Marxist masters, they are far from achieving the strength to take over from those masters. Murashev and Yeltsin aren't going to march to the gates of the Kremlin and demand that the Politburo give up, any more than China's Fang Lizhi is likely to take over from Zhao Ziyang. The machinery of repression outpaces the exuberance of the democratic spirit, and it is likely we will have long stretches of disappointment in the days ahead.

But it was a glorious day. And how splendid that it happened on Easter Sunday. God, clearing his throat. □

DRUG TALK ACROSS THE WAY

LOUISVILLE, KY., MARCH 24

THE KENTUCKY Center for the Arts brought together four men of varied experience to discuss the question whether drugs ought to be legalized, and Dr. Robert DuPont, a psychiatrist, gave the impression that he had disposed of any question by his initial asseveration. To wit, "Name me one politician in the United States who has run successfully for political office who believes in legalizing drugs."

There are two preliminary difficulties with that statement. The first is that Mayor Kurt Schmoke of Baltimore believes in drug legalization, as does Marion Barry, the mayor of Washington, D.C.—or so it was contended by the moderator, National Public Radio's Bob Edwards—and they are successful politicians. But the second difficulty faced by Dr. DuPont is that a politician may well believe in legalizing drugs, which does not mean that he will disclose his private belief other than to his wife or his priest. One participant asked how many politicians running for office in 1800 came out for abolition? A third participant (a professor) favored legalization, a fourth opposed it for non-addicts, favored it for the addict population.

What proved most curious is that there was a substantial lobby that night, among the literati of Louisville, for every position. For rigid, diehard, call-in-the-Marines suppression; for complete legalization, together with heightened educational efforts to cure and to dissuade; for submitting everyone to random testing; for not submitting anyone to random testing; for executing certain classes of drug vendors; and for not doing so. If Louisville is representative of the nation, on the drug issue the people are divided.

Are we absolutely certain that the candidate who came out for drug legalization—on the grounds that to do so would permit government agents rather than criminals to dole out the poison to those who will not do without it—would automatically lose in any political race? Certainly he would lose, and would deserve to do so, if he were identified as a drug-lover. For a generation, anyone running in the South identified as a "nigger-lover" would automatically lose an election. Gradually it became clear that a so-called nigger-lover was someone who believed that blacks were human beings entitled to civil liberties. Not inconceivably, in years ahead it will dawn on reluctant intelligences that those who wish to legalize drugs may be just as heartily opposed to their consumption, but are more highly mobilized than the prohibitionists concerning the mounting problem of drug crime.

The gentleman who ventured the opinion that legalization is hardly worth talking about given the unanimity of political opinion opposed to it is not merely a practicing psychiatrist, but also a former public servant who was himself what they now call William Bennett, the "Drug Czar." His title was director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. What does he propose doing?

How are we doing in our war on drugs? Michael Massing writes in the current issue of *The New York Review of Books*: "[Prosecutor] Giuliani's office spent five years gathering evidence in the [Pizza Connection] case. . . . His associates videotaped meetings, gathered airline passenger seat lists, recovered ticket stubs, pored over hotel registers, kept surveillance logs, and retrieved immigration records. Teams of six agents listened to 47 telephones around the clock, taping a total of 55,000 conversations; the nine hundred most important were transcribed and collated in nine bound volumes. So vast was the evidence that it took a full year to be presented in court.

"In the end, the government was rewarded for its pains. All but two of the defendants were convicted, and most were sentenced to long terms. Still, as [author Shana] Alexander observes, the case 'did not make the slightest dent in the nation's desperate drug problem. More heroin, and more cocaine, is on the streets today than before [the trial began]. The trial severely overtaxed every branch of our legal system—law enforcement, bench, and bar—and taxed the unfortunate jurors most of all.' "

THE MEETING in Louisville took place one night after William Bennett, the new Drug Czar, went on *Meet the Press* to announce his much-heralded recommendations. But that morning, *Meet the Press* was pre-empted in Louisville; NBC instead showed a high-school debate.

What is gathering in America is a deep frustration. The people do not listen any more to a George Bush promising at his inauguration to do away with the "scourge" of drugs. They do not tune in to hear the new Drug Czar. And, listening to four points of view on the subject, they can only agree that no politician can be elected who recommends the one thing that hasn't been tried. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Like some trick-or-treaters — 141 114 75 63 90 12 121 44

B. Volumes of knowledge — 96 151 67 56 116 127 25 51 3 40 / 139 16

C. Geyser of note (2 words) — 102 155 91 76 32 45 1 21 109 124 / 117

D. German beerhall — 123 10 57 108 33 162 73 64 137 18 / 89

E. Language expert — 125 150 60 112 6 136 154 37 129 86

F. Burdened — 144 42 8 26 61 55 145 105 163 17

G. Cleaned by the bora? — 135 132 157 4 20 31 79 43 113

H. Scottish seaport — 160 66 34 106 110 27 15 147 101

I. Slow to move — 165 84 11 52 98 74 126 156 24

J. Also — 46 153 100 149 80 35 95 128

K. Pilots have a pre-flight one — 99 58 115 13 138 30 41 72 122

L. Second of two — 50 118 131 164 81 19

M. Stock-market tools — 111 23 83 53 7 140 120

N. Certain timepieces — 87 152 38 69 2 59 130

O. Stinging plants — 103 68 134 148 14 39 94

P. Fears — 159 78 88 62 22 146 36

Q. Hindu title — 85 71 97 54 143

R. Introduced — 166 133 92 158 28 77 5 48

S. Late Egyptian leader — 167 65 119 107 49 9

T. Fire or Indian — 161 70 29 93 104

U. Late senator from North Carolina — 168 47 82 142

1 C T	2 N H	3 B		4 G D	5 R E	6 E	7 M O	8 F C	9 S R	10 D A	11 I T	12 A I	13 K C		14 O L	15 H É	16 B A	17 F D	18 I E
19 L R	20 G S	21 C H	22 P I	23 M P		24 I C	25 B O	26 F U	27 H N	28 R C	29 T I	30 K L		31 G W	32 C A	33 D S		34 H V	35 J I
36 P S	37 E	38 N T	39 O É	40 B D		41 K I	42 F N		43 G P	44 A H	45 C I	46 J L	47 U A	48 R D	49 S É	50 L L	51 B P	52 I H	53 M I
54 Q A		55 F B	56 B Y		57 D T	58 K H	59 N E		60 E K	61 F M	62 P B	63 A U	64 D L	65 S A	66 H N	67 B C	68 O É		69 N C
70 T H	71 Q A	72 K S	73 D É	74 I R		75 A O	76 C F		77 R T	78 P H	79 G É		80 J W	81 L É	82 U S	83 M T	84 I É	85 Q R	86 E N
	87 N W	88 P O	89 D R	90 A L	91 C D		92 R J	93 T É	94 O S	95 J S	96 B E		97 Q J	98 I A	99 K K	100J K	101H S	102C O	103O N
	104T F	105F R	106H É	107S S	108D H		109C F	110H R	111M O	112E M		113G T	114A H	115K É		116B C	117C L	118L A	119S S
120M S		121A S	122K T	123D R	124C U	125E G	126I G	127B L	128J É		129E A		130N S	131L T	132G I	133R N	134O T		135G W
136E A	137D L	138K K	139B I	140M N	141A G		142U T	143Q H	144F É		145F É	146P A	147H S	148O T	149J É	150E K	151B N		152N A
153J I	154E R	155C L	156I I	157G N	158R É		159P P	160H I	161T C	162D K	163F E	164L T		165I L	166R P	167S N	168U É		

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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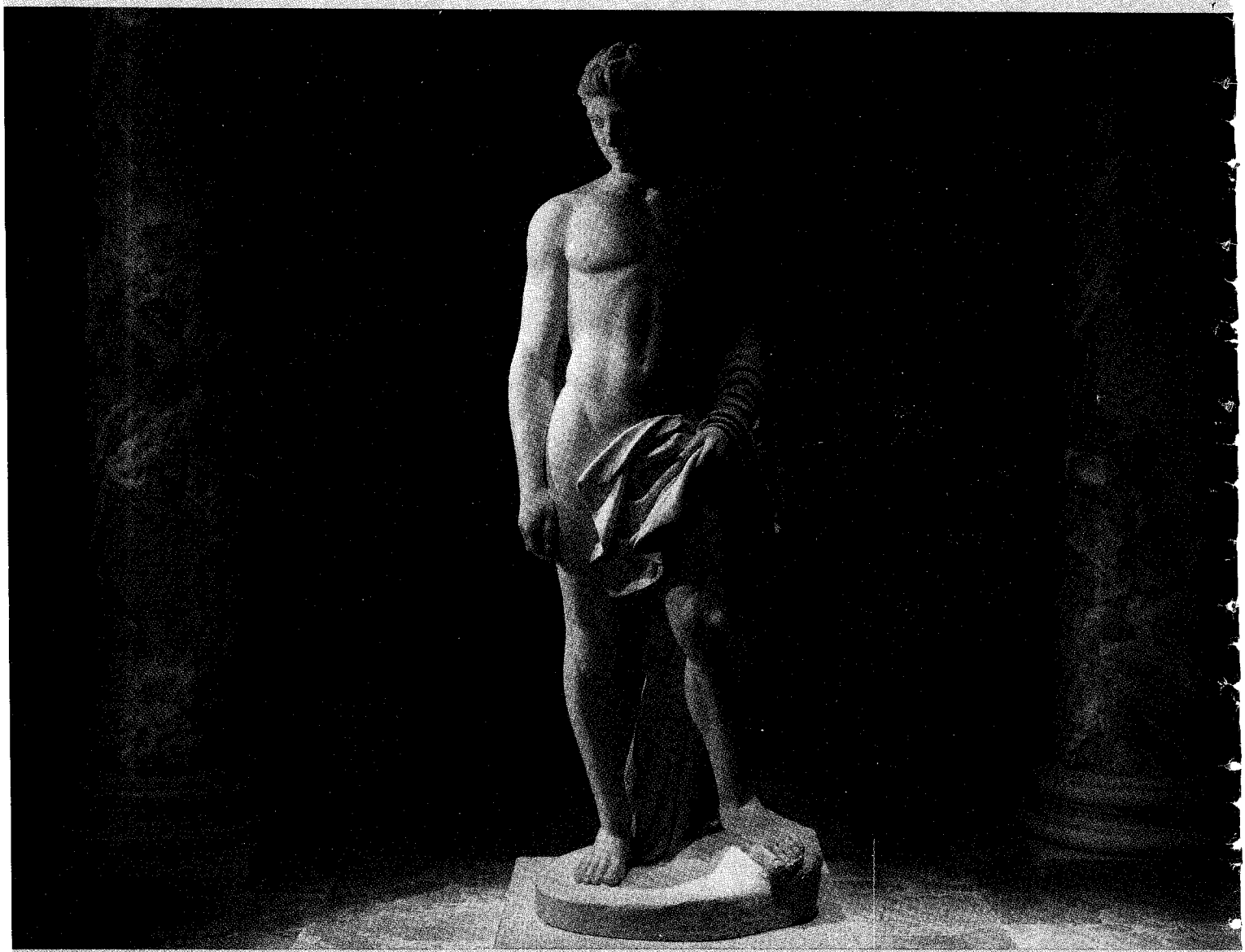

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One way is with our business package policy. An exceptional policy we invented and sell more of than anyone else. It enables us to tailor specific coverages and build them around the needs of your business. Coverages designed to close gaps. Like our transportation coverage, which would guarantee payment for a loss, even when the shipper of the statue isn't liable.

Furthermore, at the CIGNA Companies, we offer an array of business insurance products rarely available from a single insurer. All backed by strong claims service, experienced loss control specialists and one of the most advanced computerized risk-information systems in the industry.

Without the proper coverage, you could expose yourself to numerous unnecessary risks. Call your CIGNA company agent, check your local listings or write CIGNA Companies, Dept. R16, 1600 Arch Street, Phila., PA 19103 and learn how we can help fill in the missing pieces of your program.

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